



S KETCHES A BROAD

WITH

PEN AND PENCIL.

BY

FELIX O. C. DARLEY.

*The Drawings engraved on Wood by J. Augustus Bogert and James
L. Langridge.*



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A WORD TO THE READER.



I WOULD say to the gentle reader that the contents of this rather consumptive little volume were not intended, originally, for the public eye, but for the eye domestic; being extracts from familiar letters written from abroad to my family at home, and for their especial pleasure and benefit. At the suggestion of a friend, I was induced to put them into type and use them as a thread whereon to hang the illustrations, the originals of which were, for the most part, drawn from railroad cars, the coupé of a diligence, the back of a mule, or from the deck of a steamer. The reader will take them for what they are worth.

I have but skimmed the surface of things—it may be too lightly things heavy and too heavily things light; but I take it for granted that all

I have touched upon is familiar to my countrymen, — they being a remarkably *travelling* people, who are to be found, at all seasons and hours, in every corner of the habitable globe, with a laudable desire to *know* everything, and with that penetrative insight into “*facts*” which distinguished the ingenious Mr. Gradgrind.

I have avoided Murray and his details; said nothing of the population of any village, town, or city I have visited, nor measured the width, height, or length of their public buildings; neither have I made any remarks upon the political or social condition of Europe, knowing these things to be done daily, by far abler pens than mine.

I have *sketched* only and finished nothing, and trust that amiable body known as the “Public,” will look upon my short-comings, in this extremely mild literary effort, with an indulgent eye.

September, 1868.

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SKETCHES ABROAD.

STEAMSHIP "CUBA,"

June 8, 186-



ERE we are at sea, on board the good ship *Cuba*, weather fine, and the sea, unlike many of our passengers, in a lively condition, the white caps dancing about in a jolly manner. Our fellow voyagers exhibit a variety of

expression; some, expectant of that awful moment when the inner man rebels against the constant rising and falling of the deck, have thrown themselves down upon it, and are forcing a feeble smile to convince you that they are "quite comfortable." Some, pale and limp, are reclining

with their heads on the shoulders of sympathizing friends, while others stagger to the guards, over which they hang in a collapsed condition, and many who are "never sick," walk the deck with determined stride, confident and cheerful. One poor, old gentleman, an invalid, lies outstretched in his sea-chair, wrapped in a large plaid shawl, with his felt hat tied under his chin leaving his nose alone visible, a forlorn picture of patient suffering. The captain, majestic and reserved, is seen upon the bridge with the glass at his eye, scanning a distant sail, while the boatswain pipes his shrill call to the hands to "Lay aft." By the smoke-stack is gathered a group of gentlemen warming their backs and puffing the fragrant weed. Suddenly the ship rolls, and one individual with red whiskers and an excess of nose, who has been reading a newspaper, turns over unexpectedly upon his back, slides quite across the deck, — stool and all, — accompanied by two ladies. The bell rings for dinner, and all who *can*, dive instantly into the cabin to attend to the most important business of the day. Five times during the twenty-four hours, do we go through this interesting process, ending at night with the delectable composition known as "Welsh-rare-bit," with *something hot*. After each meal we

return to the deck, lounge upon the stern railing, and amuse ourselves watching the gulls, as, with their wild cry, they follow in our wake and dip to the surface of the sea to pick up the *débris* of our feast, which has been thrown overboard.

Among our fellow-passengers we have some strange contrasts of character. There are two Frenchmen of the navy, a purser and his dear friend, a lieutenant, whom he occasionally embraces, — a rattling, giggling, wriggling little fellow, who chirps and sings snatches of French songs, all day. Then there is a French abbé, cheerful, good-natured, and blundering in his English, which he tries hard, but vainly, to acquire. Then a gentleman who has served as a volunteer through the Rebellion — a most earnest patriot, whose hatred of traitors, and intense energy when giving expression to his sentiments, are beyond my powers to convey. He is a wiry, nervous man, with rigid vertebræ and a hooked nose, and illustrates, with fiery action, his experience during the



war; frequently bringing his iron fist much too near your nose; making you wink and dodge, while you venerate his patriotism. There is another worthy man, of an entirely different stamp, from the far West — a tall, lank clergyman, of an inquiring mind, with a small, penetrating, blue eye, whose glance enters your brain like a gimlet, while he button-holes you in the corner by the smoke-stack. His stomach is unfortunately weak, and he is, consequently, always retiring to his berth, but is sure to turn up again, a little faded in his complexion, with the remark that he “feels better.” We have also a rebel, — a lively, amiable rebel, who swears he is the “d——dst rebel in all the South,” — but we don't believe it, for the pleasant twinkle in his eye contradicts it. At the bow, daily appears a group of English soldiers, in their red jackets and knowing little caps, lounging on the railing or lying on the deck playing cards.

This life at sea is certainly very monotonous; it drags; all days are the same with us, and we find it difficult to kill time. A floating spar or plank passes, and in a moment becomes a subject of intense interest; every one rushes to the side of the vessel to gaze upon it, and the mind instantly gives it a history: it may be all that re-

mains of a wreck upon the mighty ocean, and could, perhaps, "a melancholy tale unfold" of the "desolate rainy seas." Sometimes a whale comes in sight, its vast body rolling along and shining like an immense bottle, while it blows and sinks, again to rise, till lost in the fog that hangs upon the horizon. This morning we passed an iceberg, a glittering and dangerous beauty, which, if encountered, proves, like many other beauties, cold and unyielding!

It is about time now for "something hot," so good-night. I shall send this letter from Queens-town.





CHESTER, *June 19.*

S Liverpool is simply a commercial city, it was not particularly interesting to us, and we came on to Chester at once. This town is the oldest in England, having been settled by the Romans; and frag-

ments of Roman buildings, monuments, and coins, are being constantly discovered.

Soon after we arrived, we went to the Cathedral, built in the tenth century! "Think of it! dream of it!" As it was Sunday, we entered to enjoy the service, and had the pleasure of hearing the Rev. Hugh McNeil, one of the celebrated preachers of England. The effect to me was like a dream; none of us could realize it; and the grand and imposing music, taken in connection

with the antiquity of the place, produced a most singular effect upon the mind : the modern costume, the dress-coats and bonnets by which we were surrounded, seemed entirely out of place in this time-honored building. After the congregation left, the verger — of course for a consideration — showed us through the noble cathedral, pointing out its various objects of interest. In



the crypt, we groped about among vaults and pits, looking to each other, in the "dim religious light," like so many ghosts. We afterwards passed through the cloisters, then out into the sunlight, where the monks lie buried. I gathered some leaves from the rich masses of ivy which almost cover the venerable walls. In the afternoon, we walked on the old wall which surrounds

the city, and came to one of the towers, from the top of which Charles I. is said to have witnessed the defeat of his army by Cromwell, at the battle of Rowton Moor. I made a sketch of it, also of another, covered with ivy and as beautiful as possible, with the River Dee in the distance, and the mountains of Wales beyond.

The whole place is exceedingly interesting to us; the old houses are so singular, with their overhanging gables and carved fronts — so old, and yet so new to *us*. In one street, we passed through a sort of arcade formed by the second stories of the houses projecting over the sidewalk; here were the principal shops. During the great plague, one house only escaped its ravages; it is still standing, and bears the inscription “God’s Providence is mine Inheritance.”

On the next day, we visited Eton Hall, the seat of the Marquis of Westminster, the most magnificent place, it is said, in England. As we drove for three miles, through the grounds to this splendid residence, we saw the deer under the wide-spreading oaks, while the pheasants and rabbits in the grass were as tame as hens. I can give you no idea of the splendor of the place: we entered first the hall, which is about fifty feet square, and around which are placed in niches,

suits of armor; one of a crusader in chain-mail, the rest in plate armor. In the dining-room and library, are some pictures by Rubens, and several family portraits by Reynolds, West, Hopner, and Gainsborough—those by the last two are capital.

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TINTERN, *June 22.*

ON Tuesday, we left Chester for Caernarvon, and stopped for an hour or two at Conway to see the castle, built, as you know, by Edward I.: a most magnificent ruin on the banks of the River Conway. One of the railroad men acted as our guide, and we ascended one of the towers, from the top of which we enjoyed an exquisite view of the surrounding country. We then returned to the tower and visited an old mansion which was built by the Earl of Leicester, and where he often entertained Queen Elizabeth — a curious old place. In the banqueting-room the letters E. and R. D. — Elizabeth and Robert Dudley — are seen above the mantel-piece, on the oak panels around the room, and on the ceiling.

After lunching at the “Erskine Arms,” we returned to the railway station, and proceeded to Caernarvon. We secured rooms at the hotel, and then hurried to the castle. This ruin is still finer than the last, being much more grand and extensive. We explored every part of it, went up winding stairs quite hollowed out, perhaps by

mail-clad feet of former centuries. As we ascended, passing through dilapidated passages and ruined chambers, — wherein the fire-places are still visible, — the startled rooks flew, screaming, from their nests ; we were quite wild with delight. We passed the night at the “Royal George,” and a charming old place it is, clean and cosy, like all English country inns.

In the morning, we mounted to the top of a stage-coach, fondly anticipating a delightful drive, as we had been told that the scenery is magnificent in this part of Wales : but, alas ! the sun, after struggling with the mist for some time, finally retired from the contest, the mist changed into a rain, which completely hid the landscape from us, and we were very glad, at Corwen, to enter a railway-carriage, in which we went rapidly to Shrewsbury, where we passed the night.

On Thursday, we took the cars to Hereford, and went immediately to the cathedral, which is truly magnificent. The verger was officious, as usual, showing us tombs of the twelfth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries, with knights and bishops on their backs, the latter with their mitres and crosiers, while the knights were in full armor — the crusader in his shirt of mail and with crossed legs. One tomb of the time of

Elizabeth, with the figures colored, has a very strange effect; all of these were more or less broken by Cromwell's soldiery. I sat upon a chair which had once been occupied by King Stephen, and we were shown a book written by a monk a thousand years ago; a crosier taken from the coffin of a bishop of the eleventh century, which was opened in 1861, when the body was found enclosed in lead, and perfect; Wickliffe's Bible, the first translation ever made, and the first map of the world, a very curious and amusing production. This is a small portion of what we saw, but I should weary you as well as myself, if I attempted to tell all.

From Hereford to Ross by rail, and there we hired a wagon and drove twenty-two miles through the most exquisite country you can imagine, to the "Beaufort Arms" at Tintern. I can see the Abbey from the windows of this room, — it is not a hundred yards from me, — and the stars are glittering through its lovely ruins as I write. While they were preparing tea for us, we walked over to look at the remains of this once magnificent building, of which nothing is left but the walls covered with clustering ivy, where the rooks build by hundreds, making an incessant cawing. Near the refectory, partially concealed by the grass, are

some time-stained slabs covering the dust of monks. What must not this fine old monastery have been in its days of splendor and power? It is a poem in stone, and a most noble one. The scenery about it is lovely, — only a few quaint cottages are near. This exquisite ruin, the distant hills, the river winding through the quiet valley, the entire landscape warmed by the rays of the setting sun, formed altogether a scene I shall not easily forget.

England is particularly interesting for its historical associations and the rare beauty of its scenery. The cottages are charming, and the inns are as comfortable as possible, often surrounded by neatly kept gardens full of bright blossoms and shrubbery. The “Beaufort Arms,” where we now are, is the most picturesque one that we have seen; of stone, with its latticed windows half covered with flowering vines, and the porch one mass of luxuriant ivy. I shall always advise friends wishing to see Tintern Abbey, to pass the night here, and see the ruins at sunset, by moonlight, and at early dawn, as we have.



EXETER, *June 23.*

E left Tintern this morning with great reluctance, and went to Gloucester and to the cathedral, which, if possible, is finer than

that at Hereford. It is impossible for me to convey even a slight idea of its magnificence, or of the interesting monuments it contains. Among many others we were shown that of Edward II., who, you remember, was murdered in Berkeley Castle. This tomb is, perhaps, the most interesting of all; the face of the king has a sad smile. There is also a monument to Robert, Duke of Normandy, son of William the Conqueror; on the tomb is his figure carved out of Irish oak and colored; he is dressed as a Crusader, in chain-mail, legs crossed, and in the act of drawing his sword; the figure is so light that I raised it with one hand with a very slight effort. Cromwell's soldiers knocked it to pieces during the Great Re-

bellion, but the fragments were put together again after the Restoration. There is a monument to "John Bower, and Anne his wife," with no less than seven sons and six daughters, who are all on their knees — the sons behind Bower, senior, and the girls behind Mrs. Bower. They all appear to be exceedingly jolly over the death of the old folks, and are clapping their hands. "The babies," as a friend of ours facetiously remarked, "cutting round the corner of the tomb to be in at the death!" These old fellows had a very small sense of the ridiculous, or they would not have had *that* kind of thing put over them. In the Chapter House was crowned Henry II. There were several other tombs with figures of the eleventh, twelfth, and seventeenth centuries, many of them very elaborate and beautiful, but villainously ugly as portraits. . . .

To-morrow we shall visit the cathedral here, and then start for London, stopping on the way for a flying look at Salisbury Cathedral.

LONDON, *June 29.*

ON Saturday night, we reached this immense city, and have decided to try the "Charing Cross Hotel," until we can find "lodgings" to suit us, as we are told that is the most agreeable way to live in London. From the window of my room I can see St. Paul's, and the vast city stretching away on all sides. In the morning we drove to Westminster Abbey to hear the service; as it was Sunday, we were obliged to defer our visit to the monuments. On our way home we saw the Horse Guards, two of them sitting on their horses under archways, like statues, reminding us of illustrations in the "London News."

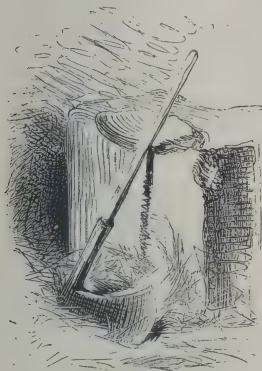
On Monday, we went to the Royal Academy and National Gallery, which are both in the same building. The exhibition at the first is very good as a whole, containing some fine works by Landseer, and some strong portraits painted with great vigor and breadth. The Landseers are charming, showing wonderful freedom and truth; much better than I expected, as I have always understood that his pictures were poor in color. The rooms

were crowded, too much so for comfort,—the weather being quite hot,—and we retreated to the National Gallery, which, being a permanent exhibition, was not so well attended. Here we had a glorious treat. The first picture that forcibly struck me, as I entered the second room, was a splendid head by Rembrandt, — *great* would be the better expression, — so full of life, it almost seemed to *think*. There hung, also, a “Portrait of a Gentleman” by Vandyke, another marvelous work of genius; Velasquez’ portrait of Philip of Spain; several more heads by Rembrandt, all fine, especially one of himself as an old man; a very fine Turner next to a Claude; the latter rather disappointed me. I only glanced at the rest, having an engagement which obliged me to leave; but I intend to return soon and spend a morning there.

We have been to the Kensington Museum, which is filled with an immense variety of articles, together with fine pictures of the English School, from the time of Reynolds to the present day, as well as the celebrated cartoons by Raphael. Here are Wilkie’s exquisite “Village Festival” and “Blind Fiddler,” and Hogarth’s works which show a wonderful power of invention and knowledge of character.

On one morning we visited the Tower, a place of intense interest, as you know. After waiting in an out-building until a sufficient number of visitors had arrived, we were conducted by the Warder, dressed in the style of the Beef-eaters of Henry VIII.'s time, to the Horse Armory. Here are about thirty figures, in full armor, from the time of Edward I. to that of James II.; many of them known to have been worn by various kings of England. Opposite to these are glass cases filled with arms and armor of many nations and periods; among them a suit of Greek armor of two thousand years ago, the helmet like that of Minerva; also, ancient arms of the early Britons and Romans; splendid armor from India, the stocks of the guns inlaid with jewels. There were stacks, piles, mountains of arms! arranged on the walls and ceilings in every imaginable shape, and in fine taste. We were afterwards taken to Elizabeth's Armory, in the White Tower. In this room Raleigh was confined many years, and, opening into it, is the cell where he slept, twelve feet long by eight wide! On each side of the entrance, are names cut in the stone, by former prisoners of state. Opposite the cell stands the block on which the Lords Balmarino, Kilmar-nock, and Lovet, were beheaded; it is nearly

black, and of solid oak ; the marks of the axe are distinctly visible. Near it, rests the axe used at



the execution of Lady Jane Grey and Anne Boleyn. We next entered the Beauchamp Tower ; the walls are covered with names and remarks, cut in the stone by various unhappy state prisoners. We were shown the room in which the children of Edward IV. were murdered, and the narrow, wind-

ing stairs, down which the bodies were thrown ; the bones were found at the bottom of these stairs by some workmen in the reign of Charles II., you remember. As I left this chamber, which is directly over the Traitor's Gate, I paused to lean upon the top of the portcullis, and looked down upon the spot so often trodden by those famous in history. This portcullis is the only one in England which is in a good state of preservation, and is raised and lowered twice a year ; it was made in the thirteenth century. As we came out of the Tower into the Court, or Green, as it is called, we saw the brass plate fixed in the ground, on which is an inscription to the effect

that, on that spot, were executed Lady Jane Grey and Anne Boleyn. On parting with our guide, he gathered some flowers from his garden in the *moat*, and presented them to the ladies.



LONDON, *July 23.*



ON Thursday, we paid another visit to Westminster Abbey (entering at the Poets' Corner), and found ourselves at once among the monuments of the illustrious dead: of Gray, Pope, Shakespeare, Addison, and a host of others, whose names have been familiar to

us from childhood. Henry VII.'s chapel is truly magnificent; very elaborate and delicate in design, in strong contrast with which are the tombs of the four Georges, simply flat slabs in the pavement;—we consequently had the honor of walking over those royal individuals. It is not worth while to enter into a minute account of all we saw in this time-honored Abbey, so I will merely tell you of the coronation chair of the time of Edward I., in which all the kings and queens of England have been crowned since his time. Near by are two shields used at the battles

of Agincourt and Crecy ; also a two-handed sword which was carried at the coronation of Edward I. Underneath the seat of the chair, is placed the stone on which the kings of Scotland were crowned — I need not say it was the most interesting *stone* I ever looked at.

On Friday, we drove for three hours in Hyde Park, where we saw a great many of the nobility and gentry, among whom we were surprised to see so little beauty. The park is very extensive ; numbers of ladies and gentlemen were driving to and fro in dashing equipages ; the footmen and coachmen gayly attired in variously colored small-clothes, and wearing crisp little wigs ; equestrians of both sexes, mounted on noble animals, trotted up and down Rotten Row, and policemen on horseback were busily employed keeping the carriages in line, while crowds of admiring gazers lounged upon the railing. Judging from the gravity with which all these good people bow to each other from their carriages, one would suppose a daily drive in the Park to be very serious business.

We spent one day wandering through Hampton Court Palace and enjoying the pictures, of which there are hundreds. In the Great Hall, used as a theatre during the reign of Elizabeth

and James I., some of Shakespeare's plays were first acted. The walls are hung with arras tapestry, representing scenes from the life of Abraham, quaint and curious. Among the portraits are those of Henry VIII., Cardinal Wolsey, Queen Elizabeth, and Jane Seymour, all Lely's portraits of the beauties of the court of Charles II., and a number of Vandyke's and Kneller's. Lely's I thought stiff and affected. Holbein's Henry VIII. is full of that intense individuality which characterizes all his works. In one room is a group of arms of the time of the blood-thirsty Harry, while the windows are decorated with arms and badges of his wives. Here he gave magnificent entertainments to foreign kings and nobles.

The palace is open to the public on certain days, and it seemed strange to see, as we did, the commonest classes streaming through these grand apartments, gaping about in open-mouthed wonder and amazement, at the remains of former splendor. However, Time respects crowns as little as hob-nails; you might now take all that is left of Harry the Eighth—who once made all England tremble at his frown—between your finger and thumb, and he would only make you sneeze at the most! We passed through room

after room until we were completely worn out, and I found myself sitting down in the great, deep window to rest, looking out upon the splendid garden with its fountains, trees, and flowers, arranged in the old French style, somewhat stiff but very pleasing in effect. While thus resting, I could not help thinking of those so famous and infamous in history, who had once wandered through these stately apartments: of that monstrous historical Bluebeard, the Eighth Henry; of the proud and ambitious Wolsey, who here exercised his magnificent hospitality; of the tyrannical bigot Mary; of the (so called) *Good* Queen Bess, the strong-headed and wrong-headed; of the accomplished Sidney; the fiery and unfortunate Essex, and the intriguing Leicester.

Yesterday, Sunday, we attended service at the Middle Temple Church in Temple Bar. Close by where I stood, were the tombs of five Crusaders, each bearing its mail-clad figure. I fear John Bull has small reverence for departed greatness, as these recumbent wearers of iron shirts were made the resting-places of hats and umbrellas belonging to the congregation. As we entered the church Lord Brougham passed us on the way to his pew; he seemed aged and infirm, walking

with apparent difficulty. After the service was over, we looked about the grave-yard in search of Oliver Goldsmith's grave, which we at length found, bearing the simple inscription, "Here lies Oliver Goldsmith," which says more than *much* more could have said.

I received an order to-day from Sir John Burgoyne, the commanding officer of the Tower, giving me permission to visit it, with my party, as often as I pleased, with every facility to enable me to make drawings — a permission of which, you may be sure, I shall very soon avail myself. We have been to the famous Dulwich Gallery, where there are many fine pictures — some admirable Guidos, Murillos, Van Dykes, etc. . . .

We are often drawn to the window by the drollest scenes of buffoonery going forward in the street. Sometimes we are regaled by an exhibition of "ground and lofty tumbling" on an outspread carpet, or charmed by a band of wind instruments, or a female ballad-singer, with, perhaps, a sweet and touching voice to conjure the money from our pockets ; now we have a learned monkey who discharges a gun with the intrepidity of long experience ; at another time the redoubtable Punch and his life-long associate, Judy, make their appearance ; again, a band of Ethiopian

minstrels in their striped unmentionables and "long-tailed blue," come upon the scene, led by an extraordinary figure who has dared to appropriate the prodigious nose and protuberant paunch of the illustrious Punch, and with a stand before him, beats time upon a very dirty piece of music. There is something quite foreign in all this kind of thing, which we hardly expected to have seen in the streets of London, but rather supposed to be confined to vivacious Italy.



KENILWORTH, *July 27.*

AVOIDING the gay watering-place of Leamington, where most travellers stop, we came on to Kenilworth and to this quiet inn, called the "King's Arms," where we are as comfortable as possible. The host and hostess met us at the door with bows and courtesies, and sent a neat little maid to light us to our apartments, and when, after removing our dusty garments, we returned to our sitting-room, behold! a delicious repast was awaiting us, to which we immediately did ample justice.

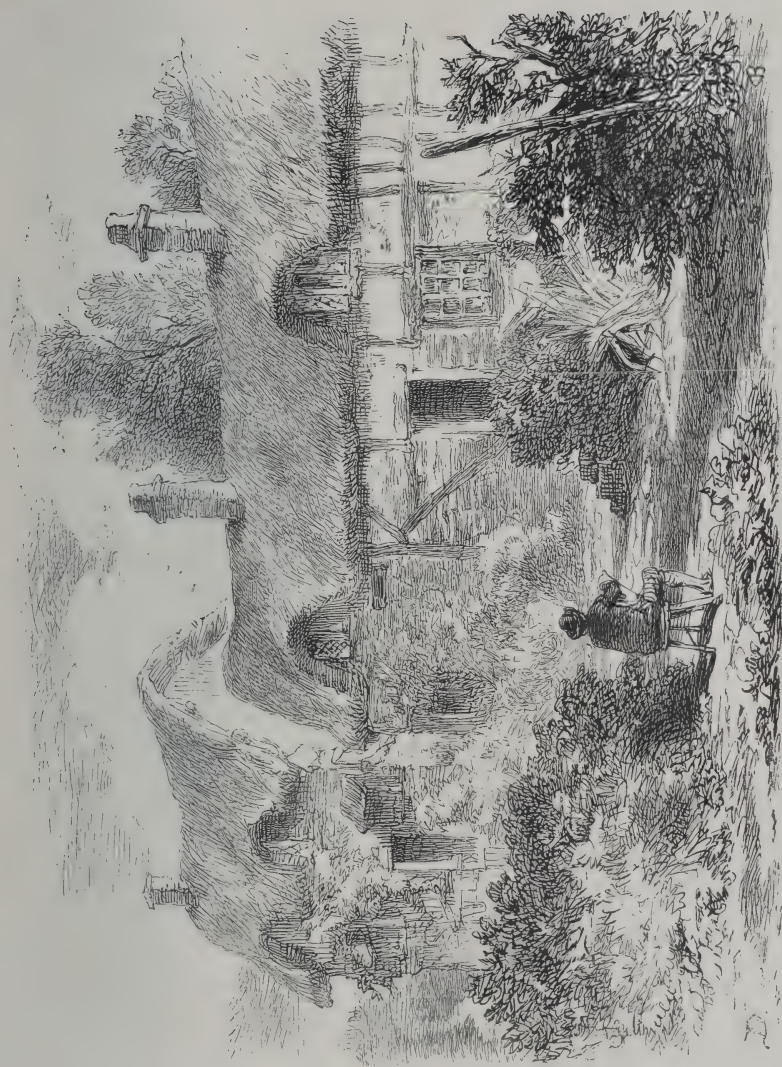
As soon as possible the next morning, we hurried to the castle of the villainous Leicester. We ascended the tower called that of Amy Robsart, and saw the gate erected for the entrance of Elizabeth when she was entertained by the Earl. Again, the poetry of the place was greatly marred by the herds of country people who came shouting and rushing about in a boisterous manner, gaping at me while I was drawing, and sprawling about the grass like cattle. There is no sentiment in that kind of thing; to feel these places which

belong to history, you must be alone and forget the present in the past. In our walks through the village, we saw several old cottages that stood there in Leicester's time; some of them with R. D. and his arms above the door. The surrounding country is beautiful and full of fine "bits" for sketches.

We have just returned from Stratford, where we remained all day, visiting Shakespeare's house, the church, and the cottage of Anne Hathaway. You can imagine with what a strange sensation I found myself standing within the room in which Shakespeare, the greatest intellect of his age, was born. The walls are literally covered with a perfect network of names written with pencils; the woman who exhibits the room pointed out to us the name of Sir Walter Scott on the window-sill, and that of Edmund Kean on the fire-place. From the house we drove to the church to see his tomb; the bust of Shakespeare above it, has been restored to its original condition, that is to say, colored. While reading the well-known lines —

"Good friend, for Jesus' sake, forbear," etc.,

a fat, bald-headed Englishman borrowed some paper of the very civil sexton, and proceeded to copy them, apparently never having heard of



them before ! The church is beautifully situated on the Avon. . . .

Continuing our drive to Shottery, we visited Anne Hathaway's cottage, about a mile, I should think, from Stratford. It is a simple, low-roofed, thatched cottage, with vines creeping up the walls ; inside, the ceilings are low — the beams black with age. After examining, with interest, all the rooms which we were permitted to enter, I borrowed a chair from the woman who now occupies the cottage, and who claims to be a descendant of the Hathaways, and, seating myself in the garden opposite the door through which the mighty bard had so often passed to meet his Anne, made a sketch which, I am sure, will interest you much. I forgot to mention an antique and curious article of furniture, a sort of high-backed bench, which stood inside of the chimney-place, and is called "Shakespeare's courting-chair," where, doubtless, the illustrious dramatist had, "many a time and oft," talked soft nonsense to "the idol of his eyes and delight of his heart." While I was busy with my pencil, the good matron gave the ladies some flowers which she gathered from the quantities in front of the house. As we returned, we passed Charlecote, and tried the gate which we unfortunately found locked. We

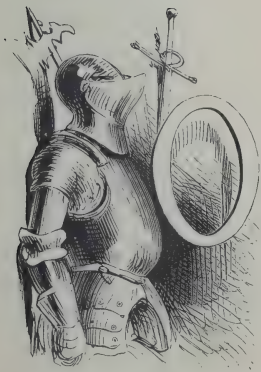
saw the house in the distance, and groups of deer under the trees near the road, which trotted off as we paused to look at them.

We were charmed with the fine old village of Warwick, the upper stories of its houses projecting over the street, and with its antique gateways through which we drove on returning to Kenilworth.

Returning from the post-office yesterday, I stopped to look at the ruins of Kenilworth *Abbey*. Very little remains, as you will see by the enclosed sketch — only the gateway.



KENILWORTH, *July 31.*



ON Friday, we went to Guy's Cliff, which is only two or three miles from here. Guy's Cliff is so called from a cave said to have been hollowed out of the solid rock by the redoubtable Guy, Earl of Warwick, who, in a fit of remorse for having slain so many of his fellow-

creatures, retired to this cave and lived there alone for thirty years. In it is to be seen an old chest made by Guy out of the trunk of a tree, about eight feet long and with three lids,—a very rude affair. Near the cave are some cloisters, which have stood there for centuries, and have also been cut out of the solid rock—the marks of the rude tools are quite visible.

Saturday we devoted to Warwick Castle and the town. We were admitted to the lodge by an antique portress who showed us, there, some of the arms and armor of the mighty Guy, who, she

said, was *nine* feet high! His breast-plate was three feet long and thirty-five pounds in weight, and might well have belonged to a giant. I could scarcely raise his shield with both hands; his sword weighed twenty pounds. Guy's porridge pot is also there; this ponderous vessel holds one hundred and twenty gallons, and weighs eight hundred and three pounds. The ancient maiden struck it with his flesh-fork, in order to prove its good condition, and it sounded like a great, brass bell, almost stunning us. She told us that she had seen it thrice filled with punch and emptied, on the occasion of the coming of age of the present Earl of Warwick. Among other curious things shown, was a rib of the dun cow which Guy killed at Dunsmore Heath, the pith of her horns, and one joint of her spine, etc.

The road, from the lodge to the castle, is hewn out of the solid rock, which time has draped with ivy and adorned with flowers, growing wherever they can find a foothold. The castle is certainly, by far, the finest we have seen, because in a perfect state of repair. It is grand beyond expression; the highest tower is one hundred and sixty-four feet, covered with ivy and surrounded with lofty trees; it was quite up to my wildest ideas of castellated splendor. The noble apartments of

this stately, baronial residence are, most of them, filled with ancient arms, armor, and fine pictures; some of the best Vandykes I have seen. The views from the windows are truly beautiful: noble trees — cedars brought from Lebanon — sweep with their branches a magnificent lawn sloping to the banks of the winding river, which is partly spanned by the ruins of an ancient bridge. Among the suits of armor, I particularly remember those of Edward the Black Prince, of Prince Rupert, and of the Earl of Montrose; also, a helmet worn by Cromwell. Below one of the towers, we peeped into a dungeon where Piers Gaveston was confined previous to his execution.

In the state bed-room is a bed called "Queen Anne's"; it has never been used or altered since she slept in it, when on a visit to the castle. The room was used as a retiring-room by Queen Victoria, who was there some years ago, and the toilet-table, arranged for her, stands as she left it.

ROWSLEY, *August 6.*

A FEW hours in the cars brought us from Kenilworth to this place, where we have been staying some days at the "Peacock," a charming old inn which was once the Manor House of Haddon Hall, and is about four miles from Chatsworth. We look from our latticed windows over a lawn, gay with beds of bright flowers, bounded by the River Wye, which flows within a short distance of the house.

The other day, in strolling about the village, we stopped at the old church, to look among the gravestones for the name of L——, whose ancestors, you know, came from this part of Derbyshire. While doing so, a girl came from the cottage opposite, to show us the interior of the church; and when I asked her if any one of that name resided in the neighborhood, she replied, "No, sir; not for many years;" that the family was a very old one, and that, in the church, there was the effigy of a crusader called Sir John L——, which she would show us. I entered immediately, to embrace my friend's ancestor, but found

him, unfortunately, destitute of nose and decidedly dusty, so I only sketched him, as a delicate attention. He was a crusader of the twelfth century, and his stone coffin was found in, or near, the church some years ago. The ancient Gothic church is called St. Helen's. L—— Hall is a large, stone mansion, very old and massive, no longer occupied by an L——, but by some one whose name I have forgotten. I think our friend must descend from the Crusader hereafter, and like old Mrs. O——, forever regret his "Dear Sir John!" Cutting throats was certainly a very genteel and honorable business in the Crusaders' time, particularly in the Holy Land.

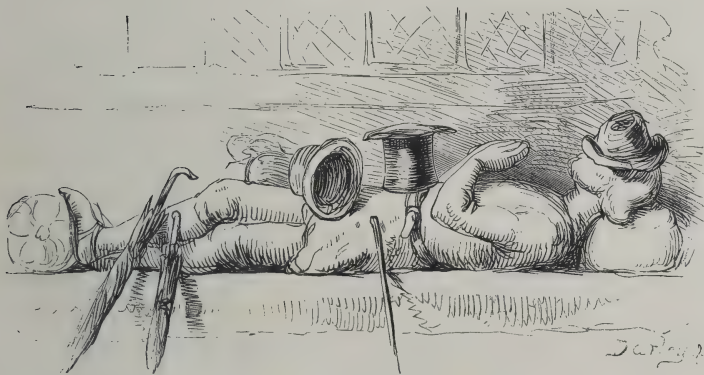
Haddon Hall we found even more interesting than we expected. It stands on a hill, in the midst of fine, old trees, with the river flowing at its foot and an exquisite country about it; very like Stockbridge in character, though here the hills are much higher. The Hall took me back to the past more vividly than anything I have yet seen. In some of the rooms the furniture and pictures still remain, as well as the old tapestry upon the walls. In the dining hall, the deers' antlers, bleached by time, are yet upon the wall as of old, while in the middle of the room stand the tables, partly rotted away, with the rude

benches near them. In the kitchen are the ancient chopping-blocks and meat-hooks. The ball-room is about seventy feet long, paneled, and with deep, bay windows. At the end of this extensive apartment, inclosed in a glass case, is a plaster cast of the face of Lady Grace Manners, taken after death — a lively thing to “forward two” to! From this room, by the door through which the fair Dorothy Vernon eloped with her lover, Sir John Manners, we entered the garden, which, by the way, is a small paradise, with its terraced walks and noble trees.

We wandered through old rooms, up narrow staircases in towers, looked through latticed windows at lovely views, then descended, crossed a court-yard and into a vestibule, which we found was the entrance to the chapel. Here we sat in one of the pews, gazing at the faded colors of the stained glass window, which bore the date 1424. There stood the ancient font, the work of some rude hand, clumsy and ponderous, with its curious lid of wood; there, on either side of the chapel, the two family pews, with high railings around them, and small reading-desks projecting from the front; to the right, the benches for the servants, plain and square-cut as a Puritan; to the left, the pulpit and reading-desk, one above

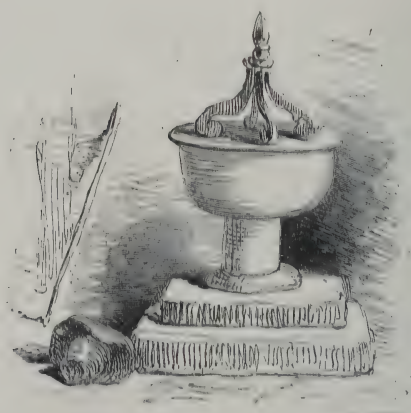
the other. I could easily imagine the haughty cavalier, with his long, gray locks and pointed beard, his huge, buff boots, and his narrow-bladed rapier with its clumsy shell, his aspect stately and severe, walking up the chapel with his wife upon his arm, followed by his family and retainers.

On Sunday, we went to the church in the



village, and, during service, I took another look at "Dear Sir John," whom I found on my right, unpleasantly ornamented with sundry sticks and hats, one of the latter gracefully reposing upon his venerable stomach, which showed a great want of respect for the comfort and general aspect of our friend's departed ancestor, on the

part of the congregation! The *hat* — which must be highly indigestible, and with which the Crusader must have been afflicted, doubtless, for centuries, on Sundays — accounts to me for the dyspepsia with which the L—— family have been so long tormented, and which is evidently inherited from the lamented knight! As we left, we paused to take a last look at his stone coffin, with the hope of finding a pinch of his venerated dust, — but in vain.



CANTERBURY, *August 12.*

SINCE I wrote you last, we have visited Hardwick Hall, which was built, during the reign of Elizabeth, by the Countess of Shrewsbury — the famous “Bess of Hardwick.” This fine old mansion is, if possible, even more interesting than Haddon Hall — the antique furniture, arms, armor, pictures, all having been preserved, are still in their places, so that it looks as if the Countess might now inhabit it. In one of the rooms there is furniture once used by Mary, Queen of Scots, the covers of which were embroidered by her and her maidens. It was removed from the older mansion, which was destroyed by fire, and the ruins of which are still standing in the immediate neighborhood — the sad remains of what was once the prison of the unfortunate Mary Stuart. In the picture gallery, a room eighty feet long and twenty-five feet high, is a large collection of family portraits, from the time of Henry VIII. to Charles II. The walls of this room, as well as most of the others, are hung with tapestry which falls over

and completely conceals the doors. The place now belongs to the Duke of Devonshire, the owner of half a dozen other noble estates. . . .

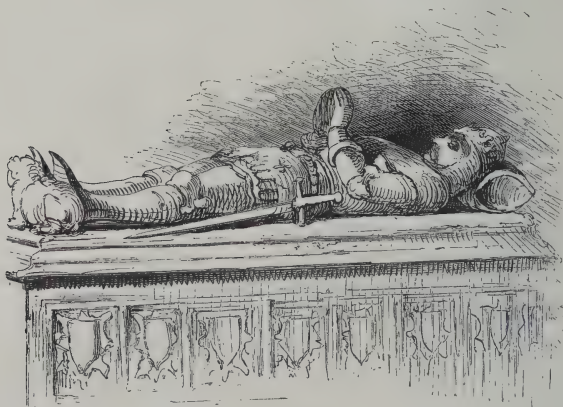
We reached Canterbury on Saturday, and I am writing this in — not the Tabard inn of Chaucer, but the Royal Fountain inn. On Sunday, we attended service at St. Martin's, the oldest church in England, in which St. Paul is said to have preached. It is quite small, and, of course, covered with ivy. The town is a very interesting one; the streets narrower than those of Chester, and filled with as quaint houses. This morning, I wandered out in search of subjects for my pencil, and found so much that was picturesque, it was difficult to choose, but finally seated myself before a fine old Norman staircase, built at the time of the Conquest, and made a large sketch from it. The Cathedral is very beautiful, and, I should think, the largest that we have seen. We visited it this afternoon, and soon found the tomb of the Black Prince, with his helmet, shield, and gauntlets. The figure, now blackened by age, is of brass-gilt, and the best that I have seen, thus far, on any of the tombs; it has been here nearly five hundred years. Before we left the Cathedral we returned to take a "last, long, lingering look," telling the woman in charge that

we had come three thousand miles to pay our respects to him, and were, we thought, entitled to a second view. We were taken down to the Lady's Chapel in the crypt, which is the oldest part of the building, and near which are two very

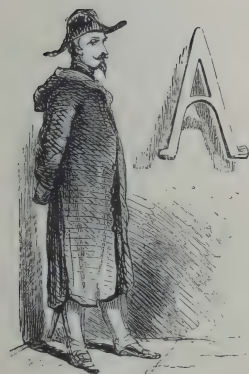


ancient and curious tombs of two ladies of rank. It was impossible to distinguish the recumbent figures upon them, owing to the "dim, religious light" by which we saw them. The spot where the proud prelate, Thomas à Becket, was murdered, was also pointed out to us.

England is certainly a most interesting country, every foot of which seems to have its history; the beauty of the scenery, too, is very great. You constantly see old churches, of the tenth or twelfth centuries, lifting their venerable spires above the trees, entirely unconscious of the interest the eager traveller takes in their story. Then, too, the quaint, old cottages with their thatched roofs, gray in the service of protecting those beneath them from the storms of past centuries, with the ever-present flowers about them, and the ivy creeping over them like a green mantle. We leave, to-morrow, for the Continent.



PARIS, *August 17.*



S I told you, in my last letter, we were on our way to Paris, which we reached on the 15th, the birth-day of Napoleon, and now always kept as a holiday. In the morning, we drove about the city, and, in the evening, went to see the illuminations and fire-works, which were truly magnif-

icent. The Champs Elysees, for its whole length, was festooned with colored lamps, and the Triumphal Arch was seen glittering in the distance, while the fountains in the Place de la Concord rose and fell in a blaze of light that made every drop, apparently, a jewel. The whole scene was one of marvelous beauty, and gay beyond description.

I tugged and pulled J. and D. through a million of excited Frenchmen, J. occasionally and modestly airing her French, by asking a gen-

darme where and when the fire-works were to come off, or rather *go up*. After much blundering, we found ourselves in the right direction, and were suddenly knocked off our feet by a million of French legs running round the corner, accompanied by the explosion of forty thousand cannon, a terrible rushing sound in the air, and the sky quite on fire. We stood, for half an hour, in a perfect blaze of splendor, when the forty thousand cannon were all let off at once, while fifty million of rockets shot into the air, followed by intense darkness, and the million of legs all ran back again. It was a most fortunate thing we did not reach the bridge over the Seine, to which we were directed, as it was filled with people at the moment the rockets were thrown up, and, in the attempt to clear it by the police, many persons were crushed and drowned.

Paris is certainly worthy of its reputation, far surpassing London in beauty and style. The streets are wide and the houses are built of a light tinted stone, with plenty of color in the brilliant shop-windows of the Boulevards. There is life and movement everywhere ; you see, at every step, a man or woman singing, or playing upon some instrument—head, legs, and arms all going ;

the drivers of carts, wagons, or carriages, yelling at the people to get out of the way; soldiers, citizens, foreigners, gendarmes, hand-organs, and monkeys all in a muddle together.

My profound knowledge of the language of these people came handsomely into play, the day after our arrival. I rashly attempted to explore, *alone*, the Grand Hotel, at which we are now staying, without our Columbus, guide, and translator, B——. I descended from our apartment on the fourth floor, supposing, idiot-like, that I could reach the courtyard unaided. I soon found that I was not *there*. I ascended and descended twice more with like success, coming out each time in strange and mysterious places. On the fourth descent, I encountered a small French boy in blue, with bright buttons, standing near a door which opened into another courtyard. I advanced and observed in a bland, sweet manner, "I want to go to the *other* courtyard," supposing that, if I reached it, I could go up in the elevator, which would land me close to my room. Minute foreigner answered in unknown tongue. "You dont understand English?" I asked. The little boy's face wore a blank expression — he merely replied by a shrug of

the shoulders. I now looked across the courtyard and saw an iron gate *locked*, through which I discovered, to my great joy, *my* courtyard. I



pointed to it and said: "I wish to go *there*." Minute foreigner answered in strange accents, and, with great determination of manner, pointed *upwards*. I sighed in despair, and once more staggered to the stairs and mounted for the *fifth* time. On the second landing a stout waiter (French) advanced with in-

quiring eye and formal bow. I observed, with little hope of success: "I want to find room four hundred and fourteen." *He* vanished instantly without a reply. I again ascended in wretched-

ness of spirit, and devoid of hope. On the third floor I discovered, in an office, a man who knew my mother tongue—God bless him! I plunged into my room at once and fell prostrate across a table.



GENEVA, *August 19.*

WE arrived here on Friday, after a hot and fatiguing ride, all night, in a crowded train. Our companions were an amiable Englishman and his wife, one American, and a dirty French officer, who thrust a small poodle into his pocket every time the guard appeared, as dogs are contraband articles on French railroads. There being one seat left, which we wished to retain, we ingeniously constructed a drowsy foreigner out of a carpet-bag, two shawls, and an umbrella, surmounted by a cap; this had the desired effect, and we remained free from intrusion for the rest of the journey.

To-day, being Sunday, and consequently a holiday, the whole place is alive with people. Our windows overlook Lake Lemman, and I have a most lovely view of Mont Blanc in the distance, its snow-covered summit flushed with the rays of the setting sun. Below me boats are lying at the wharf, gayly decorated with flags, while the passing steamers occasionally fire a gun, which is answered by another on the opposite shore. On

the quay, near by, I see the ponderous German with his pipe and best suit, lounging heavily along; the light Frenchman with cigar and poodle; while the English and American tourists, with unlimited families, stare about them, armed with the inevitable Murray. The boats, as well as the larger craft here, have the lateen sail, which is very graceful, and harmonizes with the beauty of the surrounding scenery.

Yesterday, we took the small steamer up the Lake to Chillon, to see the famous castle, a distance of fifty miles. The views are grand beyond anything you can imagine: on our left were lovely hills dotted with villages and green with vineyards, while on our right rose lofty mountains, the noble Mont Blanc towering above them. The Castle of Chillon is built upon a rock which projects into the Lake. An old German conducted us through the building and gave us its history, with which you are familiar. In the dungeon, where Bonnivard was confined for six years, we were shown the pillar with the iron ring to which he was attached, and the hole in front of it, worn, by his feet, in the solid rock; the space over which his chain allowed him to move, not being over eight feet. I sat on the base of the pillar, and, like a great boy, put my

feet in the foot-prints, — they have been there three hundred and thirty years. Near them, on another pillar, is Byron's name cut in the stone by himself, when on a visit there. Just beyond, is another dungeon, crossed by a beam, twelve feet above the ground, on which the poor wretches, found guilty of political offenses, were hung, during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. I could see where the rope had, in many places, cut into the wood. In another room, was pointed out to us a hole from which steps descended into darkness. "Observe," said the guide, pointing down, "there are but three; he who was told to walk down, found no fourth step, but fell a distance of eighty feet into the Lake beneath!" The invention of a fiend! We saw, also, the apartments of the Duke and Duchess of Savoy; they are quaint, but unfurnished. . . .



VEVAY, *August 29.*



Y last letter was from Chamornix, and inclosed a sketch of our ascent of the Flégère, which I found a very hair-erecting process, and which we accomplished on the backs of mules, with guides for the ladies. I brought up the rear on a critter that looked like an apple on four sticks. The tormenting pro-

pensity these creatures have for walking on the *outer* edge of these mountain passes, is rather alarming to the inexperienced. You sometimes look down, two thousand feet, over your mule's neck, as he turns an angle of the road, into the misty depths below. The view we beheld on reaching the top of La Flégère was glorious! It embraces the entire chain of Mont Blanc, from the Col de Balme to the Glacier des Bossons. Directly opposite were the glittering points of the Aiguilles Vertes, which rose before us like a

mighty vision; the clouds floating about their lofty peaks, now shutting them from our sight, and now revealing them, with a strange phospho-



rescent light playing upon their snow-clad summits, which were dazzling in their splendor.

Our next visit was to the Montanvert. After reaching the top, or rather the point from which it is usual to descend to the Mer de Glace, we left our mules, and crossed the famous Glacier, where, though surrounded by snow and ice, the heat was so great that I was glad to throw off my coat, and walk, staff in hand, without it. After crossing, we crept along the Mauvais Pas — a fearfully narrow ledge of rock — like flies, till we came to a *châlet*, where we stopped half an hour for refreshment. Soon after leaving the *châlet*, we remounted our mules, which had been brought by a boy to this point. During our absence from the village of Chamonix, a dreadful accident had taken place. Three young Englishmen, who had ascended Mont Blanc, on the day previous, without guides, in descending, fell a distance of three hundred feet — they had all been tied together by a rope attached to the waist. One of them was instantly killed, and the others terribly bruised. The dead body lay all day and night on the mountain. I saw it distinctly through a glass, where it seemed but a speck upon the snow. Eight guides were sent to aid the sufferers, and all the people of the village seemed to sympathize with the unfortunate adventurers.



We went by the pass of the Tête Noire to Vernayaz, stopping for the night at the Hotel de la Cascade, in view of a charming waterfall. The manner of bed-making in these inns, is quite peculiar. Here we found, for the first time, the German arrangement of two beds for each person, and on retir-

ing at night, slipped into them like a bit of ham between two slices of bread, and reappeared in the morning, head first, like cautious turtles. After leaving this pleasant little inn, we passed through a country which was picturesque and romantic in the highest degree. We were quite charmed by the rude shrines which stood by the wayside, particularly by one placed upon a bridge spanning a foaming cascade which plunged a thousand feet into the wooded vale below.

Upon reaching Vernayaz, we took leave of our obliging guides, and my *apple on four sticks*,



who had been my companion during all our pleasant excursions in this neighborhood,—and took the cars for Vevay, where we intend to remain several days. The Hotel Monnet is a large, handsome house, and is filled with people, chiefly Americans. Three times a week we have a band which plays during dinner, and again for dancing in the evening. We were fortunate in securing apartments overlooking the lake, as I can sit at my window and sketch the opposite shore, which is extremely beautiful.

MEIRINGEN, *September 9.*

MY last letter was from Vevay, and, as we have been ever since moving, either on horse or mule-back, I have had but little opportunity of writing until to-day. We have ascended and descended, partly on foot and partly on horse-back, mountains ten thousand feet high; at one time wading ankle deep in snow. J. and D. were assisted by the guides on foot, it being too steep for the horses; in fact, they were often compelled to sit down and rest, finding the violent exertion, of struggling against both wind and snow, quite too much for them. I do not think that we shall attempt a snow-peak again, it is so fatiguing. In some places, we passed over a path barely three feet wide, with a descent on one side of from two to three thousand feet, which produced a rigidity of muscles and stiffness of hair which was decidedly unpleasant! A slip of the foot would have made pap of us for Swiss babies in an instant!

From Vevay to Sion we went by rail, but so slowly, we were able to enjoy the beautiful scenery by which we were surrounded, the quaint



towers and curiously-dressed people. At Sion, we hired an open carriage, in which we travelled to Visp. As we left the town, the sun was sinking slowly in the west, and the view, as we looked back, was most beautiful and picturesque. On two hills, in the centre of the town, were two ancient castles of the Middle Ages, rising high against the glowing heavens, the sun's rays passing through their battered and crumbling walls, and the town below lost in the deep shadows cast by their towering forms.

On our way, we overtook a friend of our driver — a merry Dutchman — who mounted the box, with our permission, and went with us for some miles. During his stay, he regaled us with some of the national airs, which he howled in the most atrocious manner, "making night hideous." On leaving us, he insisted upon our tasting his wine, a keg of which he carried in his arms. Finding it useless to deny him, as he still persisted in offering it, we each took a draught at the *bung-hole*, the generous Dutchman giving the same a graceful wipe with his shirt-sleeve, as he passed it from one to the other. We laughed so heartily we could scarcely get it down, but it made him happy, and he went on his way rejoicing.

We passed the night in a dismal inn near a

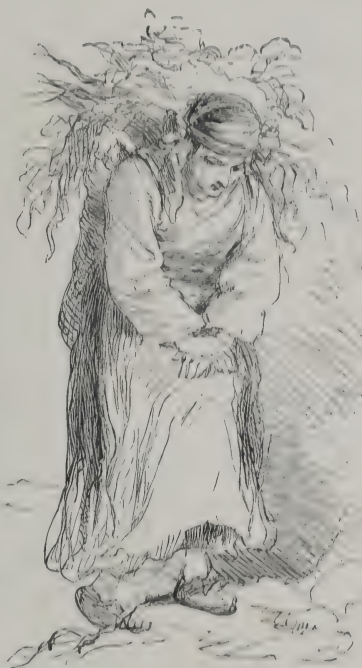
pretty chalet, of which I send you a sketch. In the morning, took horses and guides for Zermatt,



where we remained three days, ascended to the Riffelberg and Gorner Grat, returned to Visp, and found the driver, who had brought us from Sion, hovering about the inn, hoping that we would reëngage him, which we did, and so journeyed on through the lovely Rhone Valley, to the Glacier which is the source of the river Rhone. Everywhere in the fields, we saw women busily at work, making hay and carrying enormous loads of it to the barns, being really treated as beasts of burden, for horses are rarely used by the farmers. The villages are extremely filthy, and the women villainously ugly; nearly all who are over

forty years of age, are afflicted with the *goître*, which increases their charms,—many of them, too, are idiotic. English or Americans are continually turning up on the road,—the Englishman generally on foot, with knapsack on his back and an Alpine stock in his hand—sometimes accompanied by ladies.

At the Rhone Glacier we again mounted horses, and proceeded by the Grimsel Pass (a Grim-sell we found it!) to this place, where, in a most comfortable hotel, we are resting for a few days. We passed the night before last at a wretched half-way house, where the fleas were so thick that, after I had turned in, I fancied myself a *pincushion* into which some



one was sticking pins in various patterns and on *both* sides, occasionally varying the composition and doing it all over again! Meiringen, where we now are, lies in a valley surrounded with wooded mountains and overshadowed by snowy peaks. There is, apparently, no outlet from the valley, and on all sides we see fine cascades leaping down precipices, or gushing from some half-hidden gorge. Occasionally they illuminate the Falls of Reichenbach with colored lights, which has a remarkably beautiful effect. . . .



MUNICH, *October 2.*

A FEW days ago, we *finished* Switzerland, having visited many places of interest; among them, the celebrated Baths of Pfeffers, a most remarkable and beautiful gorge, through which a stream flows from springs of hot water. On our way to this place, while passing through the valley of the Rhine below Lake Constance, we saw many of those ruined castles of which merely a tower or two remains, they having been destroyed by the peasants, who, no longer able to bear the oppression of their owners, the "barons bold," drove out or killed them, and pulled their strongholds to pieces. One of these ruins, the Castle of Wartau, was particularly impressive and fine, as I saw it, at twilight, on the side of a lofty mountain, cutting gloomily and sharp against the fading horizon. Of course each of these ruins has its legend; one was pointed out to us as having once been occupied by a Huguenot, who was in France during the frightful massacre of St. Bartholomew, but succeeded in escaping to his castle on the Rhine, where he was met by his

nephew, who, for some reason, murdered him. Having been persecuted on account of his religion, he was regarded as a saint, and his embalmed body is still shown in a neighboring church.

From Ragatz we drove to Coire, to visit an ancient cathedral, where, among many singular relics, we saw the skulls of St. Lucius and St. Martin,—of the first and second centuries,—with jeweled crowns upon them and precious stones in the sockets of the eyes! Also, an autograph of St. Carlo Borromeo, and a crystal crucifix, with the figure in silver, said to have been presented by him. The oldest part of the building dates as far back as the eighth century, and is very curious. Besides this cathedral and the Episcopal Palace, there is nothing else to interest the traveller in this little town. We returned to Ragatz late in the afternoon, and all combined to make it a drive long to be remembered; the beautiful valley with the hills crowned by ruined castles, on one side of us thrown out in broad relief against the evening sky tinged with the glowing rays of the setting sun, and on the other, half lost in the deep-gathering shadows of twilight; while groups of peasants following their tired teams as they returned from labor in the

fields, added all that was necessary to complete the picture.

We are now in Munich at the Englischer Hof. The buildings, both public and private, are extremely handsome; the streets broad, clean, and, just now, full of military men,—the officers the finest looking and most gentlemanly body of men I ever saw.

On Sunday morning, we went to the Cathedral to hear military mass, and, although the music was very fine, the crowd was so great we were

glad to leave, having stood until we were tired. At one of the altars we saw this priest, who was making the most grotesque contortions of face as he prayed, without, apparently, uttering the slightest sound. On our way out, we stopped in a side chapel, which



contained the bones of *all* the saints,—if you believe the inscriptions written thereon,—adorned with jewels and artificial flowers, or set in cases of gold and mother-of-pearl. Whilst we were ex-

aming this wonderful collection, men, women, and children of all classes were coming and going, prostrating themselves before the image of the Virgin, or kneeling at the door with their rosaries,



as if not worthy to approach nearer ; one, a peasant of the rudest type, completely awed by the wonderful things he saw around him, crept

slowly about, looking to the right and left in wonder and amazement.

On Monday we visited the Glyptothek, a splendid building erected by King Ludwig in 1816, for an art gallery, to contain the works of both ancient and modern sculptors. We saw there some of the finest antiques, the Sleeping Fawn and Silenus and Bacchus, etc.

In the old Pinacothek, — which is filled with the works of the Old Masters, — I passed many delightful hours. One large room is hung with Rubens' works alone. These fine productions show his great mastery in color and composition, perhaps, more than any other collection of his pictures in Europe. His "Falling Angels" is a marvelous work, and his portraits are painted with great force and freedom. Here are, also, a number of Rembrandts, with many pictures of the earliest German and Italian painters, — a perfect herd of Saints and Madonnas, with the usual golden plate attached to the back of the head. The quaint and curious efforts of these Pre-Raphaelite artists, — the darlings of Ruskin and his followers, — are certainly most extraordinary! Figures frozen in eternal prayer or adoration, and clothed in draperies of tin; forms meagre and wretched, scattered over the canvas like

tombstones in a churchyard, and quite as depressing ; puppets stopped, by an unexpected hitch in their wires, in half-expressed action, with a background composed of a castle or other ancient edifice, and trees of a most toy-like and innocent design, all scrambling into the foreground, regardless of perspective, and perching upon the shoulders or head of some worthy saint, who seems to be quite unconscious of the fact. Some of the heads do, indeed, possess a certain purity and earnestness of expression, and it cannot be denied that a few of their works display an effect of color which is pleasing. These men were great in their day, because there was no better art then existing. They were the sincere and earnest pioneers of that higher art, which rose in all its power and magnificence in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, — works that astonished and delighted their own and all succeeding generations, such as those of Titian, Veronese, Vandyke, and Rembrandt ; pictures composed in the highest style of art, splendid in color, grand and comprehensive in design. To assert that the works of the Pre-Raphaelites are equal to those of the men I have mentioned, is simply preposterous, and like claiming for the inventor of the tea-kettle a creative genius as great as that of

Watt, who, from the hint it gave him, produced the steam-engine.

It is surprising to see the use made of dogs in Germany. They are not allowed to idle about, but are obliged to work hard. They are attached to small carts with a harness like that on the



horses, and are frequently assisted by women, who here, as in Switzerland, seem to do the heaviest work.

We have been to the new Pinacothek, where only the works of the modern German artists are

to be seen, with the exception of a few, one of which, Wilkie's "Reading the Will," struck me as the best in the whole collection. It is beautiful in every respect, and will hold its own anywhere, while the works of the Germans fell below my expectations, being poor in color and painted in a smooth and feeble style, which seems but boy's work after Rubens. In design they are forcible and often fine, particularly the works of Kaulbach, who is, perhaps, the finest composer of the day.





NUREMBERG, *October 6.*

WE have been some days enjoying this most curious and interesting city. We came in the slow train from Munich, which, though exceedingly tedious, gave me a chance of sketching a few of the peculiar costumes, as we passed along. I commenced with an official at

the Munich station, who was quite *distingué* in appearance, and very courteous in manner. At Augsburg, there were several peasants dressed, evidently, in their very peculiar "best," for a journey, while all along the road, we saw men working in the fields in picturesque attire — small clothes and cocked hats; also a boy in the same style of dress, driving a flock of geese with a whip. These, and many other interesting groups, kept us constantly on the *qui vive*.

I have been making a drawing, from my window, of an old tower and a bridge over which, in

former times, prisoners were taken to execution, and which was, for that reason, called "The Bridge of Death." Mr. Wheeler, our Consul



here, very kindly took us to the oldest parts of the city, and showed us the interior of one or two old palaces ; also, some dungeons below the city walls, in which were shown various instruments of torture used as late as the early part of the present century. The most detestable among them, was the *Jungfrau*, a female figure made of iron having a hollow body, which opened in the middle

so as to admit the person to be executed. The inside of this infernal machine is covered with long, sharp, iron spikes, so arranged as to enter gradually the vital parts of the unfortunate wretch within, who thus died, by inches, a most frightful death. In one apartment of the old castle is col-



Darley.

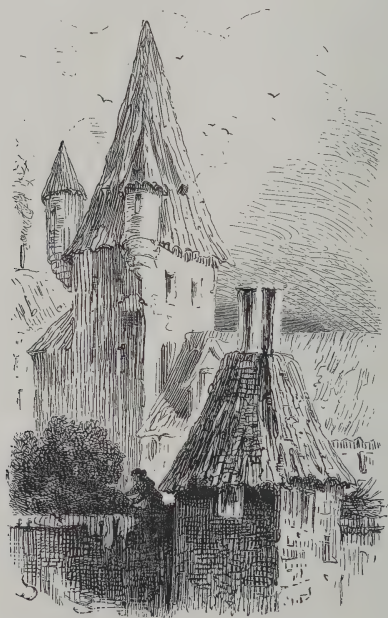
lected an endless variety of the most extraordinary and fiendish inventions you can conceive. I was particularly interested in a number of two-handed swords used for beheading; among them, that of the public executioner of Nuremberg, which had decapitated three hundred persons; we also saw the books in which all the executions have been recorded from the year 1575. One of the most frightful things in this gallery of horrors, was the head of a woman who had been executed for child-murder,—somewhere about the year 1702, I think,—the record of whose punishment was pointed out to us by the guide. An iron spike was driven through the head, to the scalp of which, the hair still clung!

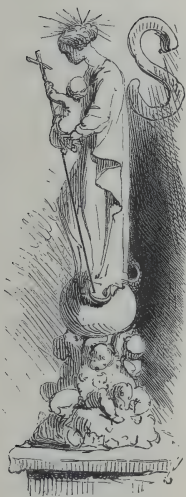
In one of the most public parts of the city, stands a fine bronze statue of Albert Durer, the “Evangelist of Art,” who here lived and labored; his house, also, is not far distant, as well as that of Hans Sacns, the “cobbler bard.” We saw in the fine church of St. Lawrence, the

. . . “Pix of sculpture rare,
Like the foamy sheaf of fountains, rising through the painted
air.”

Whichever way we turned, we were constantly reminded of Longfellow’s beautiful poem, and

I need not add, quoted it on every occasion. I will finish this letter with a sketch of the curious, conical-roofed towers of the city walls, whose singular architecture I think will interest you.



BADEN BADEN, *October 21.*

SINCE my last letters, we have passed through Frankfort and Heidelberg, stopping a day or two at each. Frankfort is a beautiful city; we saw there the house from the window of which Luther addressed the people before his journey to Worms. It is delightful to see the respect the people of Europe have for their great men who have made their cities famous: everywhere you see statues, of bronze or marble, erected to them in the principal streets; in Nuremberg, a fine one to Albert Dürer; in Munich, one to Schiller; in Frankfort, one to Schiller, and another to Goethe; while on the front of houses once occupied by eminent persons, inscriptions are placed, recording the fact, together with the dates of their births and deaths. I fear it will be a long time before we shall arrive at this degree of civilization. The driver of your

carriage points out to you, with pride, the house where such a famous poet, painter, or man of science lived ; everything that once belonged to them is preserved and shown.

From Frankfort we went to Heidelberg, and put up at the Prince Charles Hotel, where, as soon as I reached my room, I looked from my window for the famous castle, and there it stood grandly appearing above the housetops, on a high hill behind the city. Soon after our arrival, we took a carriage, and drove along the banks of the Neckar, to the celebrated ruins, but drove first to the Molkencur, which is a short distance just above the castle, for a higher point of view. This is a small-public house, situated on an eminence overlooking the valley for a great distance. Under the trees about the house, were placed seats for the accommodation of visitors, who were always expected to partake either of German beer or goats' milk whey ; we chose the former, and, whilst enjoying it, feasted our eyes on the exquisite view which lay beneath us. The girl who waited upon us was a beauty, and spoke English with a most delicious accent. In the sitting-room, she showed me a number of balls and exploded shells, which had been thrown into the castle during the Thirty Years' War. We

then descended to the castle, and drove through the grand entrance, the sharp teeth of the portcullis suspended above us. The building covers a large extent of ground; the oldest part was built in the twelfth century, and the last additions were made in the sixteenth. It is a magnificent pile, and, while wandering through its many antique apartments, we stopped in one vast, underground room, which contained several suits of armor, old and battered swords,—one, two-handed, eaten away by rust,—bits, spurs, cross-bows; also farming implements, all of a past age; they had been picked up, at various times, in and about the castle. The gloom of this ancient, vaulted apartment, with the groups of arms and armor indistinctly seen, as they stood or hung against the wall, taken in connection with the fame and history of the place, was most impressive, and moved me like a symphony of Beethoven. The girl next took us to the chapel, which contained a crucifix, altar, and stained glass windows; in the centre stands a bronze statue of some early Elector; then to the cellar, where is kept the Great Heidelberg Tun, which, in olden time, held sixty thousand gallons of wine; near it, against the wall, leans the figure of Perkeo, court-jester to the Elector, Charles Philip,—a very ugly fellow,

with a nose like a crab's claw. Our last visit was to the Terrace, where we had a splendid view of the River Neckar and town below, with a bit of the Rhine in the distance. To give you an idea of the immense strength of the castle, the walls, in the oldest part, are twenty feet thick.



A fair was being held in the town, and the

street, in front of our hotel, was filled with booths and long strings of market-women, standing along the curbstone, selling butter, eggs, etc. I saw one old woman with a live goose under her arm, with its unlucky head looking out behind in a wretched and melancholy manner; he was tough, poor devil, for nobody bid for him. In one of the booths, I saw a man taking a photograph of a ponderous Dutch girl with a "pleasant expression"; in another, two "Natives of Borneo" in very light drapery, the woman dancing and the man flourishing a club as big as his own body, etc. Punch and Judy were also on exhibition, with those remarkable jerks in their backs and legs for which that venerable couple have always been distinguished. I saw only a few of the students, who wear small caps of different colors, to designate the different clubs to which they belong. The university is a large building, with nothing remarkable in its appearance.

The next morning, we started for Baden Baden, — one of the watering-places of Europe, — and reached it at noon. The season being nearly over, there were very few at the hotel; in fact, the town was nearly deserted. In the afternoon, we drove to the Castle of Hohen-Baden, and in the evening, wandered out in search of the famous

gambling-house or Kursaal, where everybody goes of high and low degree, though, of course, all do not gamble. We were attracted by hearing sounds of music issuing from a large building, into which people were passing. Supposing it a concert, and, being full of the spirit of adventure, *we* also entered, and were quite surprised to find no charge made. Whilst we were listening to the music, we observed several persons passing quietly into a room at the back of the one in which we were seated, whereupon I suggested to the Professor that we might explore, and found, as I expected, the gambling going on in the said apartment, the music evidently being the bait for the hook beyond. The game was "*Rouge et Noir*," and round a long table sat, close together, men and women betting on the red and black; four bankers sat in the middle, two on each side, raking the money in or out, as luck changed. Piles of gold and silver were in front of them; there was no talking, — all was quiet. Behind those at table stood many more, one of whom would occasionally bet. A man in front of me lost, in five minutes, a very large sum of money, and a girl — a lady — all she had with her. A large proportion of those at the tables, were old ladies of sixty or seventy years of age. Nobody blew his or her

brains out, or cut his or her throat, — there was nothing dramatic ; some faces wore an intense and earnest expression, but no one spoke ; the only instance of distress I saw, was that of a young girl, alone in a side-room, in a rather wilted condition, sitting doubled up upon a chair, — poor thing ! she, no doubt, could have told a sad story.

The city is a very beautiful one, with fine walks and drives in and about it. To-day, though Sunday, many of the shops are open, and a fine band of music is playing, in front of the Kursaal, the most profane of operatic airs. If it be a crime to have music of this character on Sunday, all Europe will certainly go to the d——l, for Sunday is here the liveliest of days.



AMSTERDAM, *October 29.*

AFTER leaving Baden Baden, we went to Strasburg, and the next morning, walked to the famous Cathedral, which is within a short distance from our hotel. We were a little disappointed, and found it less interesting than many of those in England. The astronomical clock is a most remarkable effort of mechanical genius, but, as Murray describes it, I shall say no more.

After seeing the Cathedral, we went to the Church of St. Thomas, built in the eleventh century, and while there, were shown two bodies, a Count of Nassau-Saarbrücken, and his daughter, who had died two hundred and fifty years ago, and were "still in their habits as they lived;" the lady in a rich blue silk and lace, with artificial flowers on her head, a bit of evergreen in her belt, and rings on her fingers. The grinning skull, the hands still covered with the muscles, and the parchment-like skin, were disgusting, though interesting. The Count was in a much better state of preservation, and was not much changed, considering the great age of the body. He wore a



Dorley & Co.

coat of brown cloth, with long stockings, high-heeled shoes, and buff gloves or gauntlets, reaching to his elbows. The bodies are placed in boxes covered with glass.

After leaving Strasburg, we travelled to Mayence, where we passed the night, and the next morning took the boat, to go down the far-famed Rhine. The day was lovely, and the trip one of the most interesting we have had. We were quite charmed with the picturesque towns, and castle after castle, on both sides of the river. There was the "Mouse Tower" of Bishop Hatto, of which I made a sketch, and another of the Castle of Ehrenfels, just above it. Then Rhinestein on the left, and the Castles of the Two Brothers beyond, with twenty more besides.

In the middle of the river, built upon a rock, stands Pfalzgrafenstein (*devilish* tough word that), a very singular building, of an early date. Here I made another sketch, — a flying shot, — and bagged but little of it, as the boat moved too rapidly.

About three o'clock we had a nice dinner, served to us on deck, and two friends, whom we met on board, helped us to dispatch it.

As evening approached, the moon rose, and its "splendor fell on castle walls," the Drachenfels

being the most conspicuous. Think of seeing the Rhine by moonlight!

We reached Cologne about nine o'clock in the evening, and went on the next day, to the Cathedral, which we found looking rather unfinished, — you know it never has been finished, — having only one small spire in the middle. As we approached it, we were beset on all sides by guides, who wanted us to engage them to show us the city. One fellow kept following us, and turning up suddenly in the most unexpected places, coming down in price at each reappearance. We told him we would place him in the hands of the police, if he showed himself again, after which, he vanished.

In the Church of St. Ursula, we saw the bones of the *eleven thousand virgins*, ingeniously arranged round the walls in all sorts of devices, and covered with glass.

Our next stopping-place was Dusseldorf, where we saw a number of pictures of the present German school, some of which are excellent. We stayed but a day at Dusseldorf, then went by rail to Amsterdam, which is certainly a very singular old town, most of the streets having a canal running through the middle, as, of course, you know.

I have seen but few of the heavy, broad-backed Dutchmen of whom Irving speaks. Some of the

women have very singular head-dresses, and the fishermen are queerly rigged in baggy breeches, reaching only to the knee, and stove-pipe hats — the combination producing a perfectly absurd effect. The natives seem to think us quite as amusing as we do them, following us and watching every movement.

This morning, we visited several galleries, all of which contained more or less admirable pictures, which we enjoyed hugely, but have not now time to specify. We were very much amused, in one room, with an artist who was busily engaged in making a copy of a small Dutch picture. It appeared to be an immense effort for him, as, while

putting in the finer touches, he seemed to balance himself with his tongue, which protruded from his mouth like that of a boy taking his first lesson in writing.



ANTWERP, *November 4.*



BEFORE leaving Amsterdam, I paid a visit to the Museum, where there are some of the finest works of the Dutch painters; among them, Rembrandt's "Night Watch," which I thought not equal to some others of his. At a private house, we saw a fine collection of the same school, where, in one room, there was

a *splendid* head by him.

From Amsterdam, we went to the Hague, which is much more modern in character than I expected to have found it. There is little that is picturesque about it, — the houses having a fresh and comparatively new look, — but much that is interesting in the way of pictures, which are of the highest excellence. Rembrandt's "Professor Tulp lecturing over a dead body to his pupils," is a wonderful work for color and truth; the head of the Professor is inimitable. Paul Potter's



“ Bull ” is also there, but did not strike me as equal to its reputation ; wanting effect and having a dry and bald look.

There are grand heads by Vandyke and Rubens, and some excellent small pictures, by the Dutch masters, whose subjects are often disgusting, but their *art*, splendid, their power of imitation marvelous, and their color perfect.

The country is as flat as a board, and cut up by canals and ditches, on the borders of which stand innumerable windmills, looking like jolly Dutchmen throwing their arms about, after imbibing much *Schnapps*. I made a sketch of one of these fellows, who had stopped his nonsense, and held up his hands in astonishment at the process of taking his portrait.

After six hours of hard travelling by cars and steamboat, we found ourselves in Antwerp, where we looked for another picture-feast.

Yesterday we paid our first visit to the Church of St. Jacques, to see the tomb of Rubens, and the picture, painted by him, which hangs above it. It is, I think, one of the finest of his works, very beautiful in color, and much the most refined in character.

The Church is one of the most elaborately ornamented I have seen, filled with statues and

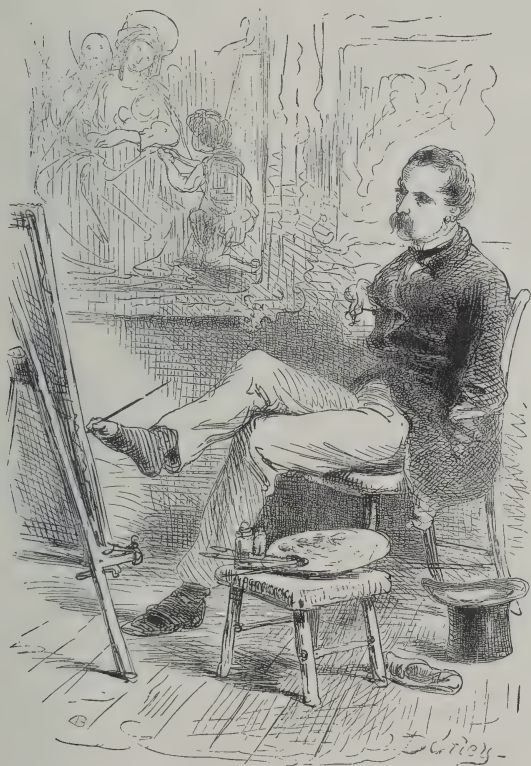
pictures, many of the latter by Vandyke. While in the Church, we were shown the pew which Rubens formerly occupied, and of course, we all immediately sat in it, one after the other, like children taking a bite off the same apple.

In the square near by, stands his statue in bronze, and in another street, one of Vandyke, in marble, both excellent.

This morning after service, I went to the Cathedral to see the greatest of all Rubens' works, "The Descent from the Cross" and "The Elevation of the Cross." The first is all I expected, a grand work; the color rich and subdued, and painted with great force and effect. The last, rather extravagant in drawing; the head of Christ noble in expression; to-morrow I shall go to see it again. The Cathedral is quite near, and I hear, at this moment, its great bell tolling. It has a chime of ninety-nine bells, which is rung every quarter of an hour, both day and night. I have been making, from my window, sketches of the people in the streets, as they stopped to talk, or lounged about: soldiers, porters, market-women, all in singular costumes. The chimes have just commenced again; they sound like a great musical box, and have a very beautiful tone. . .

At the Museum, which contains a collection of

the Old Masters, we saw an artist making a copy of one of Rubens' pictures with his foot!—in



this way — holding his brush between his toes, having been born without arms. His copy was admirable and painted with great freedom. I was

told that he writes a beautiful hand, or rather, *foot*. In one of the rooms, is the chair of Rubens, also his bust in wood. The house of the illustrious master is shown to visitors and is large and very handsome. He evidently possessed and enjoyed the luxuries of life. Many of the houses are quite old and curious, and have the crow-foot gables peculiar to the Dutch and Flemish towns.





PARIS, *November 12.*

WE are again in Paris, which we reached last night about ten o'clock. My last letter to you was from Antwerp; since then we have been in Ghent, Bruges, and Brussels. At Ghent, we visited the Cathedral of St. Bavon, which contains some works of the inexhaustible Rubens, who turns up everywhere, with his sledge-hammer saints in red and blue,—little refinement, much muscle, but great beauty of color. We also heard vespers in the Church of the Beguinage, which is a cluster of small convents, containing about seven hundred nuns. When we entered, we found the good sisters on their knees, while the priests were chanting in the chancel. There was but little light in the church, and the effect of the nuns in their black and white dresses, all motionless, with their heads bowed in prayer, fading away into the gloomy background of the quaint old building, was strange and ghost-like. During the service, some of the nuns rose, took the white mantle from their heads, folded it up, and placed it on the *top* of their heads, somewhat after the

manner of the Italian peasantry, then threw the skirt of their gowns over all, knelt a moment before each altar as they passed, and moved slowly out, perhaps, on some errand of mercy, for such is their principal occupation. The next morning, we drove about the city, and stopped to admire and sketch an ancient gate-way, the people standing round the carriage, gaping and curious.

Bruges we found more interesting, being much the oldest of the Flemish towns. There we saw the famous belfry, with its beautiful chimes, the Palace of Justice, and the Hotel de Ville, rich and fine in design, but crumbling away, like old cheese, from the effects of time. In the Church of Notre Dame, are the magnificent tombs—copper-gilt—of the Duke of Burgundy and his daughter. He was in full armor, and she in her robes of state, both lying upon their backs with hands together in prayer—the action of all the figures on the tombs of the Middle Ages. In the open square in front of the Palace of Justice, I saw a fine old tower, of which I made a drawing. The costumes of the people here, are less curious than those of Amsterdam and the Hague; the beggars and guides quite as annoying. The sidewalks are so narrow in many places, that when you meet any one either he or you must step off,

in order to pass. The odors are somewhat startling in all these towns — quite foreign and not at all American.

There is a great charm in these old cities that constantly brings “Froissart’s Chronicles” to your memory. I should like every house to be of the twelfth century at least, with the people in the queer, old costumes of the time. Occasionally, a few knights appearing suddenly round the corner, followed by others charging them from the rear with their long lances, or smiting them with mace or battle-axe; the people, meanwhile, pegging away at *them* with cross-bows, from the windows of the houses, or ornamenting them, from the roofs, with hot pitch. Here, a gallant knight on foot, attacked by numbers, cutting down a man with each sweep of his two-handed sword; there, another unhorsed and on his back, his foe above him brandishing the “dagger of mercy,” as he cries, “Rescue, or no rescue! yield to a true Knight!” The fluttering banners, the party cries, the men-at-arms fighting and cutting at each other, now lost in a cloud of dust, now re-appearing as they retreat or rally down the street! This sort of thing frequently occurred in these very streets, and I should very much like to see it done all over again for the benefit of travel-

lers — from the top of the highest chimney! The modern improvements which you find even here, the jumble of old and new, keep your mind in a see-saw condition. After looking at a building of the ninth or tenth century, and dreaming of the past, then turning and seeing a cake-shop finished last Friday, with a row of gingerbread-twins in the window, the mind falls flat on its back into the commonplace and practical of to-day.

Brussels is more like Paris, light and glittering, with a new appearance; there is, however, something there which is deeply interesting; I mean the Hotel de Ville, in front of which the Counts Egmont and Van Horn were executed; their statues stand on the spot. Behind these figures, is the house occupied by the Duke of Alva and the window from which he saw those unfortunate noblemen beheaded. The houses built by the Spaniards are still standing, and are very handsome.



Darley fecit

PARIS, November 18.

WE are now perched up in the third story of a French boarding-house in the Champs Elysées,—one of the finest streets in Paris,—where may be seen, every afternoon, everybody who can hire, beg, borrow, or steal a horse or car-

riage. Its broad sidewalks, shaded with trees under which are placed chairs for the accommodation of the public, are the resort of innumerable loungers. I make it my walk every afternoon, and never leave it by *turning a corner*, having no bump of locality and less French. I think of engaging a stout

French nurse who knows *English* as well as Paris,



and would act as a guide through this extraordinary city.

By a rare stroke of good fortune, I one day blundered into the Louvre, where I, of course, enjoyed the pictures prodigiously. After spending several hours there, I only managed to see about one fourth of this immense collection, which I hope to revisit frequently before we leave. It appeared to me, the gallery, as a whole, was not equal to that of Dresden, though there are many fine pictures by the best of the old masters. The Murillo, for which the government gave \$150,000, is a beautiful work, and better than anything I have seen by him. "The Entombment of Christ," by Titian, is there; a glorious picture it is, and finely conceived; the effect of the figures, partly obscured in the solemn twilight, harmonizing beautifully with the sentiment of the subject. Some of Titian's portraits have intense individuality, and seem to *think*. "The Man with the Glove" is remarkable in this respect. Rubens is there in full force; Vandyke also, and as admirable as ever. "Charles I.," standing by his horse, is one of the finest works he has there. The figure of Charles is, as usual, elegant, and "every inch a king!"

I saw an immense number of artists of both sexes copying; in fact, nearly all the best pictures

had somebody in front of them, — either on a ladder or platform, — spoiling much canvas.

The other night, we went to see a piece called "The Frenchman in London," a union of ballet and farce. It was, of course, extremely *French*, particularly in the matter of draperies, which were uncommonly short as well as light. It was a very capital affair, and well managed throughout; the scenery and costumes splendid and very effective, putting all other things of the kind that I have seen, quite in the background. During the performance, several of the actors, in costume, came round in front and sat in a box next to the stage; while another one suddenly appeared in the third tier, and held a conversation with those in the box on the opposite side of the theatre, which produced immense fun. Not being aware that this was a part of the play, I was rather surprised!

On Friday, we went to the Luxembourg, the interior of which is very magnificent. The room once used by Marie de Medici is still as it was in her day; the ceiling painted by Rubens and other artists of her time. The Throne-room of Napoleon I. is truly regal. The Picture Gallery contains some of the best of the modern French school; among them, Couture's "Decadence de Rome" and Muller's "Conciergerie." . . .

PARIS, *December 17.*

I WENT, one day, with a friend, to the Hotel Cluny and the École des Beaux Arts, which contains that fine composition by Delaroche, "The Hemicycle." The Hotel Cluny is, by far, the most interesting place we have seen here. The oldest part was built by the Romans, in the fourth century, and the more modern, in the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth. We found it filled with an immense variety of things; such as old arms, armor, furniture, china, and works of art of many periods and countries, most of which are rare and curious; also, mantelpieces of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, which are very rich and beautiful in design. There are several carriages belonging to different crowned heads of Europe; clothes too, worn by celebrated men, — a cap that once belonged to Charles V., a lace collar worn by Henry IV., etc., etc.

It may seem strange to say that there is but little to interest in Paris, as it is to-day; but the fact is, Louis Napoleon has caused to be pulled down and built up, so much of the city, in his

great desire to improve it, that it now contains less to remind you of the past, perhaps, than any other city of its size, in Europe. In this, I am sure, all lovers of antiquity will agree with me. I say, with "Leatherstocking," "D——n your betterments." The little German town of Nuremburg is worth a dozen of this great city in point of interest and picturesque beauty, and possesses a strong flavor of the past, that is charming; making you feel while walking in its streets, as if you were living in the Middle Ages. *Here* everything reminds you of to-day, and to-day only; it is shop, not history. The effect of the city is very brilliant and painfully new — New York on a grand scale. You look in vain for those fine old mouldering "*bits*," like Kenilworth or Heidelberg Castle, etc. In all this vast city there are but two or three buildings remaining that remind you of past ages, and even those have been so changed and modernized, as to leave little to interest you. I saw last week the tomb of Napoleon, which, in design, is simple and impressive; we should have felt its solemnity more, had it not been for the sharp elbows of the bustling crowd about us.

On Thursday evening, we went to a reception at the American Minister's, where we found the house filled with Americans. Doré, the artist,

was also there ; a remarkably mild looking young man of thirty, or thereabout,—his face exhibiting no indication of the vigorous genius for which his works are so remarkable. There, we also met



Bulwer, whose abundant hair, prominent nose, and excess of beard and moustache, suggested Mephistophiles. As he came into the room only a minute before we left it, I had no opportunity of hearing the great man talk. He stood, with his hat in his hand behind him, so close to the fire, that I was much con-

cerned, and expected some one would have been obliged to *put him out*. His elevated brows and staring eyes conveyed the idea of a man who had been taken by surprise when he was born, and never gotten over it.

One evening we had an entertainment at the house here, given by a fellow-boarder, and composed of a mixture of French, English, and Americans -- thus : one live count and countess, three decorated Frenchmen, several flimsy young ladies with a proper proportion of young gentle-

men, three Americans, and a couple of Scotch ladies. The flimsy young ladies and young gentlemen danced, while the count nursed his hat upon his knee, and the decorated leaned upon the corners of the mantelpiece, the Americans looking on as side-dishes, modestly admiring. The refreshments were composed of warm water and wine (mixed), with feeble cakes of unknown composition, very small and served rarely. The music, a cracked piano, banged to death by a thin Frenchman. The nobility retired with dignity, at an early hour, and the *mobility* at half-past twelve.

I have been to the Louvre several times, and strayed about those great rooms till my back cracked. Your mind becomes so much interested in looking at all those grand works of art, that you entirely forget that you are not made of iron, till you find yourself suddenly doubled up like an empty sack, and are disgusted to feel that you can't stand it better. Among the pictures, are some of Guido's best productions. His composition is often fine, but his color crude and unpleasant. His "Rape of Dejanira" is to me, in all respects, the best, as well as most poetic, of his works; the figure of the Centaur, admirable both in character and drawing, while the attitude

and expression of Dejanira are exquisitely beautiful. Here, too, are a number of Rubens' largest and most elaborate pictures, showing his immense power in composition and color. He was a great genius without a sense of beauty of form or poetic sentiment; he painted the animal, not the intellectual, man; brawn, not brain, was his motto; he delighted in flesh and blood. His groups of nymphs and satyrs at their revels, are his greatest triumphs — a reeling, staggering mass of delicious color, drunk with its own beauty.

In Rembrandt you see the same peculiarity. His forms are of the lowest type and clothed with splendor and richness of color, but obscured by such tremendous depth and mystery of shadow, that his pictures sometimes become grand poems, elevated by the singular genius of the painter.

The "Marriage at Cana," by Veronese, is a miracle of Venetian art, covering a canvas of thirty feet in length with a success never before achieved on so grand a scale; still, this is little more than a picture of effect and color — a large group of figures, in gorgeous costumes, at a banquet in brilliant sunlight.

My last visit was to the antique sculpture,

where I particularly enjoyed that noble fragment, the "Venus de Milo" — to my mind the grandest ideal of woman ever conceived, but not, I think, at all suggestive of the Goddess of love and beauty. The form is too massive — a type of the highest and fullest development — majestic, not loveable.

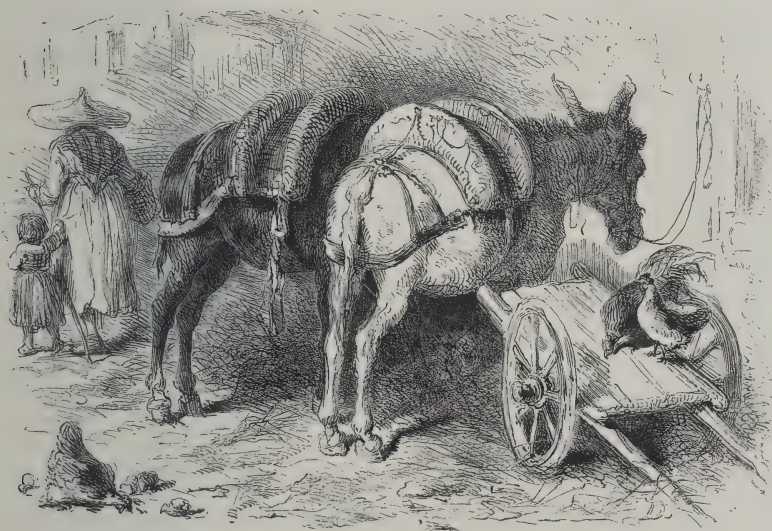
Last night, I went, with some friends, to the Grand Bal Masqué at the Opera House, the parquette of which was floored over for the occasion, and filled with a crowd of people in extraordinary costumes of every description. There was a band of two hundred musicians playing at the extreme back of the stage. Thousands of people were dancing like fiends, at the same moment, each one trying to appear and act as absurdly as possible; the women all masked, and many of them kicking as high as their heads, which seemed to be a favorite performance. It is hardly necessary to say, that these were of the lowest class; the ladies do not leave the boxes. The whole exhibition was both ridiculous and disgusting, and would not have been tolerated in the United States — certainly not in an opera house.



GENOA, *December 25.*

WE are not, you see, in Rome as we expected to be, but in Genoa, the venerable and dirty. On our way hither, we stopped one day at Marseilles and another at Nice, which is a pleasant and cheerful town, with a fine, soft climate, truly refreshing after the gloomy skies of Paris. Soon after our arrival we went out for a stroll. Of course the ladies could not resist the mania of their sex — shopping — although just from Paris, where you would suppose they might have had a surfeit; and would suddenly disappear from my side, plunge into a shop, and as suddenly reappear with a remarkable hat having a button in the centre instead of a crown, or a bit of inlaid wood-work or some other curiosity of the town. The place seemed full of invalids walking about under white umbrellas. When strolling through

the market-place, we saw some odd, old women with peculiar, circular hats; and a pair of sleepy mules on intimate terms with a brace of hens, who were pecking about their heels in a con-



fidential and friendly way; these, including an ancient female and child, I rapidly transferred to my sketch-book. Part of our promenade was on the roofs of the houses, which are, in that part of the city, as flat as a floor; from whence we had a glorious view of the ocean!

At the hotel, we met with a very pleasant

American family, with whom we made arrangements to take a carriage and drive by the Corniche road, which runs the whole way, to Genoa, along the shores of the Mediterranean. The next morning, we started ; our party consisting of six, with the addition of a courier and a vetturino. The "courier" was a superb creature of the stout and plethoric order ; he had whiskers, he had moustache, he had studs in his shirt, brilliant and beautiful ; cuff-buttons beyond praise. He was perfumed, he was new from end to end ; — in fact, he was finished at all points and perfect in everything — but his business.

The drive was highly interesting, and in some places the scenery grand ; immense rocks rising hundreds of feet from the water's edge, often crowned by an ancient tower. Below us, on the beach, we could see the picturesque fishermen with their red caps and sashes, making a haul or mending their nets ; the ocean stretching away to the right, dotted here and there with a snowy sail. We constantly passed through groves of olive-trees, the people collecting the fruit from the ground. Sometimes an over-loaded donkey would pass us, with his panniers of firewood or vegetables and fruit, the driver sitting above all ; or we would see the shepherd in his coat of skins



Darley

and rough leggings, watching, from the rocks above, his sheep nibbling the short grass.

Beggars were not wanting, of course, particularly when we stopped at the inn to dine. The villages are extremely dirty and very odd looking; in some places we could just get through the narrow streets without touching the walls on either side. The houses are three or four stories high—the windows often but a square hole, from which smoke issued, there being no other outlet for it. At some of the doors a few cabbages and carrots, or, perhaps, a basket of apples; at others, pig's skins, filled with wine, suspended by the tails, apparently squealing to be let down. Here, a group of gloomy vagabonds, their shoulders to the wall, with some crawling infants in the mud, while a lop-eared mule tied to a post balances the composition; there, a brown friar, scanning his missal from beneath his cowl, passes silently through the lazy crowd—his sandaled feet, cat-like, giving no warning of his presence. Dirt and strong smells are everywhere apparent. Our vetturino, anxious to make a sensation, as he entered the towns cracking his whip, would force his horses to a gallop and scatter the good people like chaff. Old women scuttled round the corner; dirty children were seized in the rear and jerked

backward into doorways, while once, a young girl flattened herself against the wall to escape the hub of the wheel, which carried off a yard of apron. Heads bobbed out of doors and windows, and small dogs snapped and barked at the wheels, while rags of all colors fluttered in the air.

Out again upon the road, with the sea still on our right, and the boats hauled up on the shore; more donkeys with their drivers yelling, and pushing them to the right, in order to get out of the way. Beggars hobbling after, showering blessings on all the family, for the money they *expected* to get, sleek priests and hooded monks passing, and gazing at us in pious wonder, as we drove on, covering them with dust. As we approached some of the larger towns, we met women covered with veils, which gave them a pretty, modest look.

In the village of Cogoletto, we were shown the house in which Columbus was born, and a very forlorn, shabby looking place it is, with its back to the beach and its front on the filthy street. I stopped close by it, to make a sketch of some mules, with a crowd of people about me, to see how I did it. As soon as the owner of the animals discovered what I was about, he drove them off, and left me staring at a blank wall and several

small boys. In one town, we stopped to dine in an ancient palace on a dinner of birds tasting of turpentine, sour bread, and flat wine. The dining-room was about twenty feet high, with an arched ceiling and stone floor; some of the old family portraits were still hanging upon the walls. While waiting for the feast, we wandered through the old chambers, many of which were richly ornamented with gilding, and quite elegant.

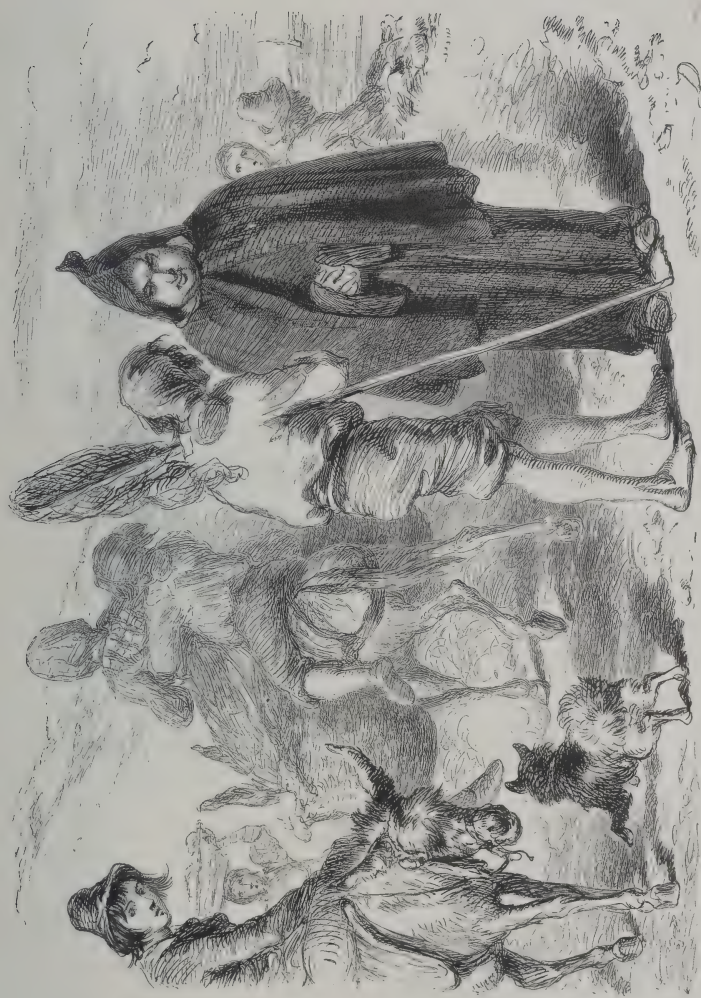
Genoa is surrounded with ancient fortifications, and filled with many palaces and much dirt; the streets — some so narrow that you might nearly touch both sides by extending your arms — are crowded with citizens, soldiers, and sailors. Many of the shops are like curious little dens, dug in below the street and as contracted as possible, in which the birds of prey lie in wait for the unwary traveller. Some have shrines of the Madonna over the door, their tawdry frames surrounded by gilded rays, and the Virgin evidently in the last stages of consumption. In the street of the goldsmiths, there is, however, one — an oil picture of much merit — which is considered so valuable that it is enclosed in a glass case and an armed guard paces continually in front of it on occasions like this, when, it being a *Festa*, the whole popu-

lation give themselves up to idleness and amusement.

We visited several palaces and saw some good pictures, but none, I thought, of the highest excellence. It was strange to see the ancient, shriveled officials in the great, dreary, and uncomfortable apartments, shivering over a brazier of half-extinguished coals in the corner, as if *that* was the business of their lives and nothing else, as they paid no attention to us apparently.

Last night, we all went to the Cathedral of San Lorenzo, to hear high mass at midnight. The building was grand and gloomy, with priests chanting at one end, and a crowd of people filling the whole. As soon as high mass began, the chanting ceased, and above our heads in the organ-loft a number of stringed and wind instruments discoursed most eloquent music; about us, much garlic and little piety, with strong odor of tobacco.

To-day, being Christmas, we were treated to a roasted turkey stuffed with chestnuts, and plum-pudding for dessert, in honor of the Americans and English in the house. I know *you* had better at home; *ours* was a melancholy failure. We thought of you all and drank your healths, sitting in a house constructed by the Knights of Malta;



a queer old place built upon arches, under which runs a passage-way for pedestrians. The day after to-morrow, we start again with the coach and five for Spezzia, from thence to Pisa, and from Pisa to Rome !



PISA, *December 30.*

THE scene shifts again, and we are in another of the strange, old Italian towns, which is much cleaner than the last we left. Here are the famous Leaning Tower, the Cathedral, the Baptistery, and the Campo Santo. The River Arno runs directly in front of the hotel, and on the opposite shore is a pretty little Gothic chapel built for the benefit of the sailors, many hundred years ago. The Cathedral, which we visited yesterday, is of the twelfth century, and truly magnificent. I went with L—— to see it again, this afternoon, and sat watching the priests preparing for the service, each one dropping upon his knees before some image or picture of a saint, as he moved through the vast building; some of them, dressed in scarlet and white, others, in black and white. It was very picturesque and fine, as we saw it all in the fading light of the afternoon, and would have been finer, if these worthies had gone about their duties with less of a business air, and more earnestness; they trotted about and rattled through their prayers more like school-boys

anxious to get out to top and marbles, than men of piety. Some ragged little urchins who seemed desirous of a dip into the holy-water font, which was too high for their short legs to reach, made several jumps and plunges at its edge, and at last succeeded in dipping their very dirty hands and crossing their foreheads like good catholics, as no doubt they were.

While we were looking about us, the sacristan, who evidently had a strong turn for trade, though it was Sunday, came smiling and bowing to us, informing us that he had some very fine photographs of the city and its buildings, if we felt inclined to buy.

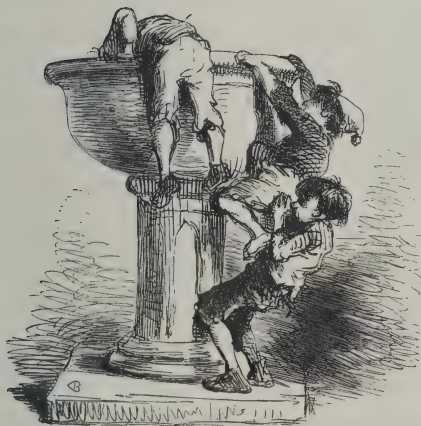
Yesterday, we went into the Baptistry, which is another lovely bit of antiquity, of the same period as the Cathedral, and stands quite near it. While we were there, an infant, two days old, was brought in by its father for baptism; the poor little wretch looked like a scalded monkey, which had already gone to the other world — the wrong one. The priest held it, face down, over the font, and ladled out the precious liquid over its unfortunate head, to convey, I suppose, to its feeble mind, an idea of the Deluge; he then dabbed it and rubbed it well down with a napkin, mumbled rapidly something over it, which sounded like the buzzing of

moral bees, dropped it into its father's arms, and made a note of all in a dirty book. Before we left, a man with a very good voice told us we must hear the echo, which is very remarkable there; he then sang two or three notes, the effect of which was perfectly exquisite, as the sound passed from one part of the building to another and gradually floated away in waves of music. Another individual, who had followed us into the Cathedral as a sort of guide, said that *he* always did the echo, but did not like to when a priest was present.

The Leaning Tower, which is close by, has, as you know, a very singular effect, and seems to be falling, while you are looking at it. They tell you the foundation has settled on one side, and that it was not, as some writers suppose, the intention of the architect to build it as it now appears. The Campo Santo is a very long building, formed of arcades surrounding an open court which is filled with earth brought, many centuries ago, from the Holy Land; in this enclosure many noble families are interred. The arcades are filled with fragments of sculpture, principally of old Roman origin, as well as of the Middle Ages. The walls are adorned with frescos, the work of some of the most distinguished pre-Raphaelites, but are very much injured by time.

Some men are at this moment passing the hotel, singing in chorus a beautiful thing from an opera. As we listen, their pleasant voices fade gradually upon the ear and pass into the night, seeming to complete the strange, poetic charm which, to me, surrounds these ancient cities.

15



ROME, *January 6, 1867.*



ERE we are, at last, in the Eternal City, which we reached last Tuesday evening, after travelling a day and a night from Florence. At Florence, we only spent a few hours waiting for the train to Rome, which left at nine o'clock in the evening. While there, we attempted a drive in an open carriage,

but were soon driven within doors by the rain. When it cleared, we took a walk on the Ponte Vecchio, which is filled with curious old shops, chiefly in the breastpin and ring line of the past, as well as the present, day. The variety of people, carts, carriages, and donkeys, that passed and re-passed us in wild disorder; the beggars, the mud, the rags, the street-cries, and the screams and yells of the mule drivers, in not very choice Italian, are beyond description. As we intend to return to Florence in a few weeks, I shall

say nothing more of the city, as we only saw what I have described.

On the road to Rome there was nothing unlike what we had seen before. Dirty little villages clustering around a dirty church in the centre, like sheep around their shepherd; most of these perched up high among the rocks or prominent points, sometimes surrounded by an ancient and massive wall. We reached Rome about sunset, and the most prominent object as we approached the city, was the great dome of St. Peter's rising grandly above the horizon with a red belt of light, left by the departing sun, behind it. The next morning, our first visit was to the mighty church, which somewhat disappointed us in approaching it,—we only fully realized its vast proportions after we had entered its doors,—*then*, we felt as grains of sand upon the shore. The interior seems to me a little overloaded with ornament and small forms, as well as variety of color, the effect of which destroys the idea of space and simplicity; but nearly all Roman Catholic churches have this defect.

After looking about us for some time, we ascended to the roof, on which is built a number of houses for the accommodation of the workmen employed to keep it in repair, amounting to

two hundred men — the expenses yearly are about \$50,000. The next thing to be looked at was the Ball, which will hold sixteen people. After ascending an endless, winding, stone staircase between the walls, we reached the middle of the Dome, and stood upon a gallery which runs around the whole. As I looked down upon the marble pavement, nearly four hundred feet below me, I saw some black dots moving about, which, they told me, were people. Several men were employed mending the mosaic-work, some bits of which had fallen out of the leg of one of Angelo's sprawling infants (about twelve feet high), and, as a matter of course, a few found their way into our pockets. Again we ascended more steps, *still* more, and at last reached a small circular room with a perpendicular ladder of wood which led us up to the iron Ball, where we found it as hot as August. We consequently, got out of it as soon as possible, and, after examining the body of the church, again returned to the roof, from which we had a splendid view of the city and the surrounding country for many miles. There were the snowy peaks of the Apennines, the Campagna, and, endless remains of Old Rome in every direction.

Afterwards, we drove to the Palace of the

Cæsars — an enormous mass of ruins covering thirty-five acres; the workmen were engaged in excavating while we were there; the whole of it was once below the Rome of to-day. Near it, numbers of fragments of figures, busts, and pottery are shown, all of which have been found among the ruins, and were once ornaments of the palace.

The next object of interest was the Coliseum, passing, on our way thither, under the Arch of Titus, and by that of Constantine. You may form some idea of the enormous size of the building, when you are told that it held 87,000 persons!

There is a sense of power and dignity in these noble, yet melancholy remains of this stupendous structure, that no other ruins possess. Its vast and shattered walls stand as a monument of the grandeur as well as the brutal tastes of the iron race that erected it.

In the centre of the arena, stands a wooden cross, painted brown and resting upon three square blocks of granite, like steps. Any one who kisses this cross as he passes through, has indulgence granted him for one hundred days. About five feet from the base, it is black from the kisses it has received since its erection. While I

was looking at it, from the seat called Cæsar's, I saw a very gentlemanly looking man walk gravely up, remove his hat with reverence, and kiss it, followed by three or four men of the lower order, who did the same. I suppose they soon after fell to picking pockets with an easy conscience.

Within a few yards of our hotel, are the church and the Spanish steps spoken of by Dickens, in his "Pictures of Italy," as being the resort of the "artists' models." I walked up there a few days ago, and found any number of "Holy Families" and "Saints"—great "lumps of them," as he says—waiting to be hired. While sitting on the steps to rest and watch the people, a Roman woman with her little child passed me, in her picturesque dress of scarlet and blue. By using a little pantomime, I gave her to understand that I wished to make a sketch of her. She took the hint at once and stood, a few steps below me, in the act of knitting, with her child at her feet. I began my drawing, and was immediately surrounded by a crowd, as usual. You constantly meet these "models" basking in the sun on the sidewalks; some doing the decayed nobleman leaning against the corner of a house, with a rag of a cloak thrown grandly over the shoulder, and

a melancholy eye cast at you from under the edge of a battered, greasy hat. Then the beggars! with legs and without, some only the stump of a man, — the gentlemanly beggars, and the monks who are beggars, — there is no end to them; they swarm in every street and prey upon you; in fact, *all* Italy seems but an open hand waiting for change!



ROME, *January 13.*

SINCE my last, we have been out "doing Rome" every day, with the exception of the wet ones, which have been, lately, very numerous. One morning, we went to the Church of Ara Cœli, where was lying, in state, the "Holy Bambino." There was a procession to-day, and ceremonies attending the reconsignment to its box, wherein it will be kept under lock and key, until next Christmas-day. The lock can be opened, however, at any time, with a *silver franc*. The "Bambino" is a doll representing our Saviour as an infant. The tradition is, that a holy monk carved it out of a piece of wood from one of the trees in the Garden of Olives, and that St. Luke painted the face! It is dressed in swaddling-clothes, covered, apparently, with precious stones, and with a jeweled crown upon its head. All the real stones have been removed by the priests, and imitation ones have taken their place. One of the chapels was fitted up like the stage of a theatre, representing the inside of the stable, with two cows' heads rising above the Bambino, Mary

and Joseph in attitudes on either side, and a few other figures, all of the size of life. Above, were painted clouds, where, among crowds of angels, sat a somewhat magnificent figure of God, extending his hands over the group below. The whole was lighted with gas, and was quite effective as a tableau, before which the deluded Romanists were kneeling in devout adoration and awe.

From there, we went in search of the Tarpeian Rock, which we found in a neglected garden, and so surrounded with houses, there was not much left to convey to our minds the horror of the victims who were once hurled from it into the abyss below. Then to the Basilica of St. John Lateran, where the Popes are crowned, and where we saw a piece of board about five feet long and two wide, purporting to be a portion of the table from off which the Lord's Supper was eaten, and were told that behind certain curtains was some of the blood and water which flowed from the Saviour's side! Near this church is the Santa Scala, up which we saw the devotees going on their knees; an act of devotion which gives them many years of indulgences, and, I believe, saves them from Purgatory!

We have been three times to the Vatican, and

once to the Capitol, both of which contain splendid collections of antique statues in bronze and marble. Prominent among these in the former, are the Apollo, Laocoon, and that grand fragment, the Torso, besides an immense collection of other figures, busts, and monuments, many of them of a high order of art. The rooms are thirteen thousand in number, — some of them enormous. Most of the statues were found in a shattered condition, and have been put together with great care, some parts restored. The first room we entered, contained inscriptions taken from the tombs of the early Christians and Pagans; these are all set into the wall. One room is devoted to animals in marbles and bronze, some of which are capital, but not equal to the human figures, the best of which are, I think, beyond all praise, — the very perfection of form.

Our second visit was to the Sistine Chapel, where the frescos of Angelo and his "Last Judgment" — which covers the whole end of the room — are, of course, the greatest features. They have all been dreadfully injured by damp and smoke, so that it is impossible to make out much of the composition. In front of the "Judgment," they have placed a huge pulpit, which

covers nearly a fourth of it. The ceiling, which contains, I think, the best of the frescos, is covered with great blotches of black, from leaks on the roof, while other parts are much faded and obscure in color. The color I found much better than I was led to suppose, the figures painted with boldness and freedom; some very grand, others extravagant. The composition of the "Creation of Adam," with his figure rising from the earth in its first consciousness of existence — brought to life by a touch of the Creator, who floats above him — is, perhaps, the sublimest conception in the whole range of art. Some of the prophets have a certain heaviness of form and want of high intellectual expression, which does not convey the idea of men acting under a mighty inspiration. The figure of Jonah is an exception, and is worthy of the tremendous genius of its author. The "Last Judgment" is more like a composition of detached groups than a grand whole illustrating a single idea; and wanting broad masses of light and shadow, it fails, I think, to make the impression it otherwise would. Had it been treated in this latter respect as Rembrandt would have treated it, the effect upon the mind would have been increased tenfold.

In the Picture Gallery are the world-renowned "Transfiguration" by Raphael, and the "Communion of St. Jerome," by Domenichino, two pictures of the highest order of art, but which, nevertheless, did not give me that intense gratification that many other works of the great masters have done.

We have passed a morning at the Capitol, several rooms of which are filled with statues by the mighty Greeks. The "Dying Gladiator" is among these, and the finest, I thought, of all, — full of truth and exquisite feeling. I was also delighted with the "Fawn of Praxiteles," which is a most charming figure.



ROME, *January 18.*

WE are now living in apartments very comfortably; indeed it is almost like being at home. We have a servant, who, unfortunately, speaks only Italian, which is decidedly tough for all of us. J—— sometimes plunges suddenly into the parlor for the Italian dictionary, to look up “boiled potatoes,” “hot water,” “soup,” etc., and dashes as suddenly back again to give orders for the preparation of the same. Our maid’s name is Carmina Pasquiloni, and a model servant she is, faithful, honest, and untiring in her devotion to our interests. The weather has been so bad since last I wrote, that we have not been out much: one day, however, we drove on the Pincian Hill, from which we had a fine view of the city and its innumerable churches and strangely narrow streets. Yesterday, we went to see donkeys and horses blessed by the Pope, in front of the church of San Antonio, which ceremony, unfortunately, we did not see, as it was deferred until later in the day, on account of the rain. In the church there was a very pretty effect

of light and color: the whole building was richly draped in red, white, and blue; the priests in vestments of gold, white, and crimson, kneeling before the altar, chanting; while the people — ragged and greasy — were doing the same in the body of the church, the pavement of which was strewn with evergreens. The candles burning upon the altar, were dimly seen through the smoke of the incense, which filled the place like a fog.

As we left the church, men, on each side of the entrance, rattled charity-boxes in our ears, while the beggars hobbled after us, some holding up the stump of an arm, and others rapping their chins, to indicate that their stomachs wanted filling at our expense.

I visited the Capitol again to see the Picture Gallery, which contains a few good pictures — a fine head of Velasquez, by himself, one or two Vandykes, and a large altar-piece by Guercino, which is a work of great power. While standing before it, a very plain, old man, in a gray overcoat and felt hat, very much bent in the back and feeble in the limbs, came up with one of the officials (dressed in cocked hat and buttons), of whom the venerable man in gray asked many

questions. We afterwards learned that this aged gentleman was no less a personage than the King of Bavaria. As he passed out, he smiled blandly at D——, and nodded. On our way home, we stopped at the Barberini Palace, where we found a small collection of pictures, among them, the Beatrice Cenci, which has bewitched the world for two centuries. I regret to say, her fascinations were lost upon us,—the face struck me as nothing more than that of a pretty woman with a slightly sad expression, having none of the exquisite beauty we expected to find. Next to it, hangs the famous Fornarina of Raphaël, which has neither beauty of form nor color, at least it so struck me; how it gained its great reputation, I cannot imagine. There is a good head of a Cardinal, by Titian, which is, stupidly, hung nearly out of sight.

This morning, in a pouring rain, we started for St. Peters, to see the "Festival of St. Peter's Chair," which was quite as good as an opera. After the ladies—all dressed in black and veiled—had taken their seats on benches within an enclosure, I took my place at the base of a slippery column, on which I tried to rest, but came near measuring my length on the floor, three times,

while waiting for the *curtain to rise*. Presently is heard a flourish of trumpets. Soldiers enter and march up the body of the Church, with music. Soldiers form on both sides of the Church. Priests now appear with many tall candles, followed by cardinals, their robes held up by four priests each. In the distance approaches the Pope seated in a chair, borne on the shoulders of men in red — his poor head wagging about under a triple crown blazing with jewels. Directly behind him, are carried two immense fans of white peacocks' tails, which suggest the idea of his Holiness being in very high *feather*, on the occasion. As he passes, the whole body of soldiers and people drop on their knees, which is very effective, as well as painful to the public leg. The Pope is next carried to a raised platform at the extreme end of the church, and placed on a throne, when the cardinals range themselves on either side of his Holiness, and go through many extraordinary performances; kissing his toe, pulling off his mitre, and replacing it with another of a different kind (this was done several times), drawing aside his robes, seeming to say, "Gentlemen, there is no deception here, we assure you, it's the genuine article and no humbug; he's quite alive; these are his own, precious, holy legs,

body and all." After the ceremony was over, the Pope was again hoisted into the chair, the feathers spread, and the whole concern — his rickety Holiness, red cardinals, sleek priests, and Pope's Guard — all moved out together, the soldiers and people falling on their knees as before ; I also, — but *not* on my knees, — as he passed out of the Church. As a theatrical performance, it was a beautiful exhibition, but as a religious ceremony, by no means impressive.



NAPLES, *January 26.*



NAPLES is the most active, all-alive city we have seen, as well as the most filthy; a rushing, roaring place, everybody in a hurry, and every other man a beggar; there is nothing like it in all Europe. Every hole and corner is crammed with people singing, laughing, or abusing each other

with the greatest energy. What the tongue cannot express, the hands will, and a quarrel is kept up in violent pantomime, long after the parties are out of hearing, with all the scorn and hatred that ten fingers can express. As I walk on the Molo, among the fishermen, with their red caps and bare legs, I find myself involuntarily humming an air from "Massaniello." The manner in which the much-abused donkey is driven, is another feature; the driver follows close behind, holding on to the tail, by which he steers the beast skill-



fully through the dense crowd, the poor animal braying, and he pounding it with a stick, as hard as he can, screaming with all his might at the same time.

Then the beggars ! trotting after you and rapping on their chins with a noise like *castañets*, — a trick peculiar to the beggars of Italy, and more especially to those of Naples.

There, too, are the flower-girls, who thrust a small bouquet into your button-hole as you pass, expecting to get from you, at least, four times its value. If a man points out the way to any place

or street, he holds out his hand for a reward ; there is no end to their various ways of squeezing money out of you, and, as soon as they get it, they throw you aside like a dry lemon — without thanks.



Every day, we have some very amusing scenes below our windows; fellows in rags serenade us at all hours; one affectionate individual with a guitar plants himself in front of my room and makes love to us with slow and pathetic strains. He is tender and humorous by turns, and in the midst of a most melancholy and touching ditty, breaks



into a squeak after the manner of Punch, and utterly ruins the sentiment. Others act short, tragic pantomimes, wherein they kill each other for the love of a six-foot damsel. Then comes Punch in his box, and bangs poor Judy about, while a select party of trained dogs in coat and frill, with tails screwed up to the tightest possible twist, stagger around

on their hind legs to the wretched scraping of a cracked fiddle.

The day after our arrival here, we started early



in the morning for Vesuvius, but when we reached Resina, we unfortunately found all the mules had been engaged by persons who had been waiting a fortnight in Naples for sunshine; so we concluded to drive on to Pompeii. As we approached the buried city, like some dread monster Mt. Vesuvius lay before us, no breath issuing from those terrible jaws which have so often vomited devastation and death upon all within their reach. Giving no indication of the dreadful power within, it slept, its summit lost in a cloud. We looked eagerly for the first signs of the famous city, and at last discovered some broken walls above an embankment, which we were told was Pompeii! It was with a strange and undefinable feeling that I found myself entering the house of Diomede, walking through the streets where the marks of wheels are quite visible, or crossing them upon the huge stepping-stones, placed there more than two thousand years ago. We saw the well, its edge worn by the friction of the rope, and the bakers' shops with the ovens, in one of which, you remember, some loaves of bread were found. In the wine-cellar of one house, the guide showed an impression of one of fifteen bodies that were found there, near the door; many wine-jars still remain,

partly buried in the ground and filled with ashes. In a garden, have been left a fountain and several small figures of marble standing around it, just as they were discovered. We saw the casts of the five figures that were found some three years ago — three men and two women. In one cast of a girl lying on her face, the skull and some of the bones of the feet and hands still remain in the plaster. One of the men lies on his back, with his mouth half open, and the brows drawn up and contracted, showing that he died in great agony.

The houses of Pompeii are quite small, and the streets narrow; in many of the rooms the frescos on the walls are as sharp and distinct as if recently painted. We had not time to examine anything properly, as the detestable guide hurried us through in the fast, business style. With a few exceptions, everything found in the city has been brought to the museum here, which we visited to-day. The collection is wonderfully interesting, consisting of statues, mosaics, arms, armor, jewelry, household articles, etc., etc. In one of the helmets is the skull of a faithful soldier, who died at his post near the city gate. There were pots of rouge found in the house of Diomedes, with pins, combs, and thimbles like those of to-day, and thousands of other things equally strange and interesting.

As you may suppose, we did not fail to visit Herculaneum, which we did in single file, and by the light of candles which each held in his hand; an amusing, but not very satisfactory performance, as, when we wished to see anything, — for instance, the impression of the comic mask on the ceiling of the theatre, — we were obliged to bring *all* our candles to bear on the point in order to find it. We were disappointed in seeing only the theatre.



NAPLES, *February 1.*

SINCE I last wrote, we have been taking a short trip further south; first to Sorrento—a delicious place situated on high cliffs overlooking the bay of Naples, and Mount Vesuvius in the distance. Our hotel was surrounded by orange groves, and on the trees were both fruit and flowers, which we gathered as we passed beneath them on our donkeys. We were here three days, waiting for a chance to visit Capri, but the weather was unpropitious, and we were obliged, unwillingly, to leave without accomplishing it. We drove to Torre dell' Annunciata, where we took the cars for Salerno, with the intention of going to Pæstum to see the ruins there, which are older than anything in Rome, going back six hundred years before the Christian Era. Salerno is a lively, dirty town upon the bay, with a splendid view of the Appenines for many miles.

As we had heard some rather alarming accounts of *brigands* in the neighborhood of Pæstum, we made inquiries, and were advised to take a guard; so we procured an order for four

carabineers from the commanding officer, and started at seven o'clock in the morning, accompanied by our friends Mr. and Mrs. L——. D—— being cautious, declined joining the party, and thought us decidedly foolish, to run the risk of being gobbled up by those terrible creatures. L——'s courier told us there were no brigands left — that they had all been driven out of their hiding places by the soldiers; and I thought the stories had been greatly exaggerated, as tales of that kind usually are — so off we went.

The morning was lovely, and the scenery all along the road exquisite. Everywhere we saw men and women working in the most picturesque costumes — the women in the Neapolitan dress, and the men in sheepskin coats and sandaled feet, watching herds of buffaloes,



and flocks of sheep and goats. As we drove along, I noticed a number of men travelling on horseback, with guns slung at their backs, or across the saddle in front: this was suggestive of something serious! When we reached Eboli, where our guard was to be obtained, we saw a number of carabineers mounting their horses to accompany a cart full of men, — prisoners, — who had been taken in the neighboring country for various crimes — theft, etc. The poor devils were handcuffed in pairs, and left for Salerno while we were waiting. At last four fine looking soldiers were selected for us, and away we went again, our guards each armed with a carbine and revolver. I found, afterwards, they were all men who had smelt powder, and had been in many a hot and hasty fight. One of them had killed nine brigands during the last four years, and another, five; they said they always tried to make short work of them, shooting them on the spot as soon as taken. The corporal had a medal which had been given to him as a reward of bravery.

After travelling twenty-four miles, we reached Pæstum, where we found a few scattered houses, and the ruins of three grand temples. We entered the Temple of Neptune, which is the finest and most perfect of all; after examining it

for some time with the greatest interest, I sat down at the base of one of its massive columns and began a drawing, while the rest spread our lunch upon a fallen fragment of the ruin. Our guards, of course, were furnished with some of the good things, and while discussing them, we had many visitors in the shape of dogs and boys — the latter having for sale some coins which had been dug up in the neighborhood. The smallest among them, apparently anxious to turn an honest penny, and not having any coins to dispose of, suddenly appeared among us with an immense turnip, leaves and all, which he shouldered like a musket, and stood before us, afraid to ask, but innocently waiting for a purchaser.

After we had finished our lunch, we visited the Basilica and the Field of Tombs. But one tomb remains, into which we crept; it has part of a fresco still remaining, some of the colors, strange to say, quite fresh.

As we wandered about attended by our armed guard, who never left us for a moment, and followed by the boys, the corporal entertained us with his adventures with the brigands, describing, with true Italian fire and vivacity, the taking of the captain of the band, which he did, a short time before, with his own hand. He said that

worthy was greatly alarmed on being captured, and begged him, on his knees, for the love of the Holy Mother, to spare his life; that he would reform and become an honest man. "No," said the gallant corporal, "you would murder me or any of my men if you had an opportunity; so you must die," and placing a revolver to his head, blew out his brains on the spot. All this was told in the most dramatic manner — the soldier falling on his knees, with clasped hands and pleading face, shaking from head to foot with well-assumed fear. It was quite an effective scene; the background the glorious sea, the foreground the grand Temple of Neptune surrounded by a vast and desolate plain.

As we returned to Salerno, the soldiers pointed out to us a place not more than half a mile from the road, where they had taken and shot two brigands the *night before!* and a house close by the road, where, a year ago, a farmer had been murdered for refusing to give up his money. They also showed us the spot where Mr. Moens and his friend were seized, three years ago, and held for ransom. The corporal told us that he and his comrades scour the country every night, enter every house, and make the inmates give a good account of themselves, as, very often, the

peasants are in league with the brigands. We did not reach the hotel till long after dark, having been delayed at a ferry, — our prolonged absence causing much anxiety to poor D——. . . .

We returned to Naples on the next morning, where we were looked upon as heroes and heroines, in consequence of the adventurous spirit we had shown in thus braving the dangers of Pæstum, for we were the first who had done so this season.





ROME, *February 14.*

It seemed very pleasant to return to our comfortable apartments in Rome, where we were received by our good Carmina with smiles and welcome. I have been very busy making drawings from the peasants, and consequently have not seen

much of the city lately.

We have been to a reception given by the new Spanish ambassador. We found it difficult to reach the palace, so great was the crowd of carriages and of people assembled to hear a band of music, which was playing opposite the entrance. After some little delay, however, our turn came, and driving under the *porte cochère*, we alighted and passed up broad flights of marble stairs, the balusters of which were entirely hidden with masses of flowers, — statues and flowering plants

on each landing, — through a hall, where a fountain was playing amidst palms, ferns, mosses, and flowers, to the reception-rooms. Servants in livery stood on each landing and at the door of each room, whose business it was to announce the names of the guests, tossing them from one to another like a ball. We started fair with the first servant, who pronounced the names quite distinctly, but having to pass through eight rooms, we finally reached the ambassador and his lady as “Count and Countess Falandrini!” or something like it. We found that almost every one turned up in the same remarkable manner.

About twelve rooms were thrown open to the guests, each of which was crowded with people: princes, dukes, counts, cardinals, and officers by the score, all in the most gorgeous attire. Two Princesses were fairly loaded down with most magnificent diamonds and pearls — a blaze of splendor! One or two of the men were nearly hidden behind a regular *breastwork* of decorations, looking over the top to see what you thought of them. Numerous nice young gentlemen were among the guests, having their hair parted in the middle, being extremely weak in their legs, and much attached to their hats. One individual, in a court-dress covered with gold lace and deco-

rations, was so stuffed and padded about the chest, he looked like an over-fed old pigeon with an unnatural condition of crop. The whole effect of these rooms, filled with brilliant dresses, full of color and glittering with jewels, was truly superb.

On Thursday we visited the Baths of Caracalla, a stupendous ruin, which, almost more than anything else, gives an idea of the luxury and magnificence in which the old Romans lived. We then went to the Church of San Clemente, which was considered one of the most ancient churches in Rome, until a few years ago, when another was discovered beneath it, which workmen are now excavating. A young monk gave us each a taper, and led us down to and through this lower building. Some of the columns are very beautiful, and no two alike; the pavement is mosaic, but very much broken, and there are frescos on the walls, still in good condition, of a very rude style of art.

At the Church of the Capuccini, we went into their under-ground cemetery, where they bury their dead friars for four years, and then disinter and dress them in the garments of their order, and arrange them in different attitudes in niches, made for that purpose around the graves — the walls are also decorated with thousands of their

bones in various ornamental forms, and ghastly chandeliers of the same material hang from the ceiling. It was a very disgusting sight, and I was glad to get away as soon as possible. Afterwards, at dinner, I was quite convinced that I was eating friar steaks and monk soup!

Yesterday we saw the collection of pictures at the Borghese Palace. There are some fine Titians, and an interesting portrait of Cæsar Borgia, by Raphael,—a handsome man with a bad expression,—and many other works by the old masters; in fact, the best private collection we have seen in Rome, meriting a much longer description than I have time to give it. We also visited the Spada Palace, principally to see the famous statue of Pompey, at the foot of which “great Cæsar fell!” The figure is about ten feet high, the right hand is extended, and it has a stern, hard face of the true Roman type. The pictures were of less interest, containing nothing that stamped itself upon the memory.

ROME, *February 23.*

ROME is now in the midst of the Carnival, and the Corso, the famous street on this occasion, is literally thronged with a concourse of absurd merry-makers, every afternoon. The grand amusement of this motley crowd seems to consist in peppering each other with flowers and confetti. This throwing things at your neighbor's head is, to me, a very ridiculous and childish performance, but it is the thing to do, and they do it thoroughly, from two till six o'clock, for eleven days, and call it fun.

Every man you meet in the afternoon, appears to have been put through a course of flour; *he* has been at the Carnival, "enjoying of himself," and with a shocking bad hat jammed over his eyes, looks very like a candle with an extinguisher on. The ladies, from the balconies above, pelt the passers-by with bouquets as large as cabbages, and receive the same delicate attention from the admiring crowd below. Carriages filled with men in extraordinary costumes, pitch turnips and carrots at the lovely beings in the balconies; if these

vegetable missiles come in contact with the fair one's nose, a shout is produced in proportion to the rubbing of the unhappy feature. When an individual fails to catch a bouquet, the people instantly dive for it like ducks in a pond, — heels up, heads down, — and when the lucky one turns up again to the surface, bouquet in hand, out of a cloud of dust, grinning, puffing, and triumphant, he darts down the street, using his boots freely on all who oppose him.

The ever-present Yankee enjoys all this prodigiously, and makes his appearance upon the Corso in the most conspicuous of turn-outs, chin-deep in confetti, with an inexhaustible supply of monstrous bouquets, and in a costume of the most absurd description. Of course everything he does is on the grandest scale, — a perpetual spread of the "Bird of Freedom." About half-past five o'clock, a heavy gun is heard, when the cavalry come down the street at a gallop, to clear it for the races. Every man instantly flattens himself against his neighbor, while the boys bolt between the legs of the same, to get out of the way. In a moment all eyes look up the Corso, — you hear the rush of the flying horses, which pass you like a flash, covered with foam and decorated with ribbons and bright copper plates with sharp

corners, which play upon their flanks like knives, urging them to their highest speed, followed by a roar from the excited crowd. Thus ends the Carnival for the day, to be repeated the next, with all its follies and absurdities.

On Thursday, there was a grand review of troops at the Borghese Villa, which, by the way, has the most lovely grounds I have seen for a long time, with splendid stone pines rising from an exquisite lawn of the richest grass. At about half-past four o'clock in the afternoon, when the shadows are long, the effect is very charming. In the centre of this bit of fairy land, is an ancient amphitheatre, where stood the cavalry, and above, on the right and left, the infantry. After we had waited an hour and a half for the performance to commence, — sitting on one of the stone seats many a Roman two thousand years ago had pressed before us, — the trumpets sounded, and the band began an air which, I am sorry to say, suggested "Master Stanley in the great two-horse act," more particularly when the general in command came down and round the circle at a mild canter, holding on to his hat, — apparently too small for him, — which he nearly lost as he bounced about and gave the public a capital view of the distant country between himself and the

saddle! Among the aids of this unhappy equestrian there was an officer gotten up regardless of



expense, with a prodigious feather stuck in his cap, whom the ladies pronounced a "perfect love of a man." *He* did the circle without a bounce,

and came out triumphant, happy fellow! After these feats of horsemanship were over, the infantry marched and countermarched, and disappeared gradually, towards the Eternal City, in much dust and with faint music.

On Monday we drove out three or four miles on the Campagna, to see a fox-hunt. The "meet" was at "Nero's Villa," formerly one of the residences of that tyrant, but with nothing now left to show its grandeur — a few bits of broken wall half embedded in the earth, serve to mark the spot, and that is all. We found a number of carriages filled with ladies, and a large assemblage of both sexes on horseback; many of the gentlemen gotten up after the manner of the English, in red coats and top-boots, which made a very pretty display as they dashed off after the fox, which they soon unearthed. The fox being, like most of his race, uncommonly *wide-awake*, was *not* caught, and they consequently all returned in a limp condition and greatly chop-fallen.

Just as it grew dark this evening, we heard singularly melancholy music in front of the house, and going to the window saw, passing below, the funeral of a young woman. First in the procession came several members of the order

called Misericordia, bearing lighted candles and wearing a peculiar hood which entirely covers the head and face, having only holes for the eyes; these were followed by a long train of monks; then came the body lying on an open bier, dressed in white and decorated with flowers — she looked like a very beautiful woman asleep. After the corpse, were borne two common pine coffins — one marked on the lid with a large black cross, the other was a simple rough box. They moved slowly down the street chanting — a sad, picturesque sight.



ROME, *March 30.*



WE have visited the Coliseum by moonlight! As it is considered dangerous to go to such places after dark, we joined a party of friends, who had been waiting, like ourselves, for a pleasant moonlight evening. After presenting our pass to the guard at the entrance, we were joined by a guide with a torch, who led us through the great corridors with their massive arches, the moonlight falling through them on the stone floor, throwing other parts into intense shadow and mystery, which was grand and dream-like. After passing about half way round the immense building, we went up to what were once the seats, from which we looked down into the vast arena, one hundred and fifty feet below. While we sat thinking of the horrible scenes of savage cruelty these crumbling walls had witnessed, the hooting of the owls from the ivy with



which the ruins are covered, was the only sound which broke the solemn stillness of the hour. From our elevated position the scene was singularly impressive. The opposite wall, nearly lost in shadow, rising against the distant Campagna which faded away into the far-off mountains, and the calm moonlight falling upon the now peaceful arena and flooding with light the Christian emblem which rises in its midst, formed a striking contrast to the barbarous days when men "were butchered to make a Roman holiday."

Rome is the only place where you can procure *models* without difficulty, that is to say, professional *posers*. They are peasants who come from the neighboring villages, to sit or "pose" for the artists in their national costumes, during the winter; while, in the summer, they are engaged on the farms and roads, as laborers. Some of them are quite handsome, their eyes being particularly fine, — large and melting. Stella, the most celebrated of them, is certainly very beautiful, and has a little boy about six years old, who is a perfectly fascinating little rascal. My model this morning was a little girl, whose loveliness and grace of movement were quite charming. The mother, who came with her, bringing her *bambino* or infant, — which greatly resembled a

grub, its whole body being bound from the waist down with a white bandage, like a mummy, the hands alone free, — seated herself upon the floor



to sew, and rocked her *bambino* upon her outstretched legs; the sandaled feet supporting its

head while she plied her needle ; altogether quite a primitive and economical style of cradle.

Two or three days ago, we drove to Grotto Ferrata, Albano, and Frascati, to attend a fair held at the latter place. The day was perfect ; the air balmy and soft, birds were singing, and it was a delightful sensation to leave the city behind us and breathe the fresh atmosphere of the country. On our way, we passed an old church standing by the roadside, far out on the Campagna, in front of which, kneeling humbly in the dust, were several peasants, some telling their beads, and others bent in earnest prayer to the Madonna, whose image was seen within : some were in their sheep-skin jackets with sandals on their feet ; others in long blue or brown cloaks, while the women and children wore upon their heads the usual folded cloth. I thought it the most touching and poetic thing I had seen in Italy. The people here, you know, are completely under the power of the priests, and have entire *faith*, which made the scene I speak of more impressive, for they were *sincere* in their devotions.

The whole road between Albano and Frascati was alive with people going and returning from the Fair ; some on foot, others on donkeys ; many

riding double on the smallest of animals—the feet of the men within a few inches of the ground; their hats decorated with ribbons, feathers, or flowers purchased at the fair. Several had on three or four hats, one on top of the other; another, a live pig around his neck, the legs held in each hand. Some had donkeys “wot wouldn’t go,” others, donkeys with a strong propensity to lie down and roll in the dust, quite regardless of their burdens. Then there were peasants in various, curious, and always gay, costumes; people of a higher class in carriages or on horseback, while, occasionally, some of the nobility, in vehicles drawn by four horses, on which sat gay postillions with their long boots and short embroidered jackets, — knowing and natty, — would rattle past us at a brisk trot, the beggars following, hat in hand, with a withered leg or arm held up to excite compassion; on all sides noise, dust, and confusion. The fair was a perfect jam; the booths on each side of the street, close together, and filled with everything you can imagine. The odors were strong and the dirt in proportion; nevertheless we enjoyed the novelty of the scene immensely.

ROME, *April 7.*

ON Wednesday, we visited the Catacombs — a *very small* portion of them — with a party of friends. When we reached the entrance, which was in an open field, a guide approached who provided us with candles; following him, we descended a few steps and entered this mysterious resting-place of the dead. The passages through which we walked are only wide enough for one person to pass, and in many places but little higher than your head. On both sides are the cavities which were dug in the earth, as receptacles for bodies, one above the other, like berths in a steamboat. Some still contain fragments of marble with inscriptions upon them, others, heaps of dust and bits of bone. It had a strange effect as I looked at my friends in advance, whose figures were sometimes half lost to the eye as they bobbed their heads and candles into a tomb, with the hope of obtaining some precious morsel.

Occasionally, we found ourselves in small apartments, large enough to contain a number of per-

sons, which are supposed to have been places of worship. In one we saw two sarcophagi; one containing only a skeleton, while in the other was a body, wrapped like the Egyptian mummy, which had evidently been embalmed. Some of the apartments are frescoed, but, with all due reverence for the feeling which prompted the decorations, my keen sense of the ludicrous fully appreciated the grotesque simplicity of some of them, more especially of those representing the story of Jonah, who, on one side of the room, was being pitched overboard, and on the other, bolted by the whale, who took him like a pill, with a very wry face, and evidently did not relish him. After walking for some time through these dismal passages, we were glad to return to fresh air and cheerful daylight.

This morning, we went to the American chapel to hear the Rev. ——. As the room in which he preached was crowded, we took a seat in the entry. Opposite to me was a window overlooking a garden, where, on the high stone wall which divided the garden from its neighbor, was seated a monkey, gravely engaged in catching fleas and swallowing the same, wisely knowing they would never get out of *that* to trouble him. Below him, on the grass, were two turtles and a comfortable

looking cat, the former crawling about and taking the air, with that cautious, telescopic movement of the head peculiar to them, and with a sharp eye to the movements of the flea-catcher on the wall, who *might* have a turn for turtles as well as fleas. I found it difficult to keep my face in a quiet condition; the gentleman on the wall didn't see the joke at all, but wore a profound and *searching* expression, — very like an antiquated Frenchman, — passing his eye from his body to the end of his tail, to the extremity of which his enemies appeared to retreat before jumping off. It was certainly very improper for a respectable monkey to be engaged in that kind of thing on Sunday, and, perhaps, equally improper for me to be watching the operation, but — it was irresistible.

As we were returning, one day last week, from a drive on *Monte Pincio*, we were much amused at seeing that illustrious King of the Beggars, Beppo, pushed up on to his donkey by two ragged little urchins, who strained and tugged to get him into his seat. Fortunately for him, his defective legs have been very profitable to him, having, among other things, procured him the luxury of a daily ride to and from his old established post on the Spanish steps, “where *beggars*

most do congregate." He was banished from here a few years ago, for throwing one of his hand-shoes at a lady, who mildly suggested that

he did not need charity, but he has been allowed to return, this winter, for two days in each week.



This afternoon, I went to St Peter's to hear vespers and have a last look at the mighty Church. I stood for some

time opposite the bronze figure of St. Peter, which is seated with the right foot advanced, watching the unceasing process of kissing its toe! Priests, friars, beggars, ladies, and gentlemanly-looking men, all, in passing, saluted it; some giving it a wipe with the cuff of a coat or a handkerchief, before the operation. One respectable father held up a large family of small children to the pious toe, when they all flattened their noses on it in succession! On one occasion, we saw

this figure, — which is said to have been once a heathen God, and it certainly looks very much like it, — robed in rich priestly garments, a jeweled mitre adorning the head and an enormous ring upon the upraised forefinger!

In another part of the church, there was a priest in a confessional box, apparently fishing, with a long rod, over the heads of some four or five girls and boys and a woman, who were kneeling in front of him, on the marble pavement. I asked the friend who accompanied me, what the priest was doing, and was told that he was “granting the family absolution!” He dabbed each of them on the head with a backward jerk, as if he had caught a new saint at every cast of his line.

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FLORENCE, *April* 16.

WE have bidden adieu to Rome, and with great regret, for it is a place where, the longer you stay, the more you become attached to it. It has seemed quite homelike to us, after three months of comfort there, such as we shall find nowhere else until we reach America. The separation was a sad business for the good Carmina, who had a moist eye for days before we parted, and went about "lamenting." She is a tender-hearted creature, and I fear we "ne'er shall look upon her like again." All the Italians with whom we had any intercourse, gave us, at parting, the kindly and musical "Addio, Signori, buon viaggio," which is the custom among them, and a very pretty one. Of course they "don't care a snap" for you, but they *appear* to, and it is a pleasant humbug. We have lingered so long in Rome it will necessarily shorten our stay in the other Italian cities, and indeed, cause us to omit altogether several which we had hoped to have visited.

The grand collections of pictures here are a

great treat, and I have enjoyed them more than any in Europe. The Uffizzi Palace has a very plain exterior, but is massive, looking more like a prison than a palace, which is the general character of the palaces of Florence. It surrounds three sides of a large court, which has an arcade adorned with statues of the illustrious poets and painters of Italy. Near the entrance of this court is the Loggia de'Lanzi, where, in a portico, are statues in bronze and marble by John of Bologna and Donatello, also, the Perseus of Benvenuto Cellini. Opposite, is the Palazzo Vecchio, — a quaint old structure, in front of which stand a colossal statue of David by Michael Angelo, and a group by Bandinelli; there is also a fountain of Neptune by Ammanati, and an equestrian statue of Cosmo I. by John of Bologna — all of which combined, make the Piazza della Signoria a very interesting spot.

In the Uffizzi Gallery, there is an immense collection of fine works from every school of art. Titian is there in great strength, splendid in color, though weak in drawing, as he frequently is. His "Venus," which hangs in the Tribune, where are the gems of the collection, is the finest piece of coloring I have ever seen — it is flesh itself — and, for texture, surface, and truth of

color, it is beyond anything in Europe — a marvelous imitation of nature. The picture, as a composition, is not good or in keeping with the subject; the introduction of the girl and woman at a clothes chest in the background, is as commonplace and poor as possible, and the kneeling girl, a mere doll. One room is filled with portraits of artists painted by themselves. Among the statues, those that appeared to me the finest, "were "The Clapping Fawn," "The Wrestlers," and the "Venus de Medici," "the statue which enchants the world." The group of the "Wrestlers" is one of the greatest of the antiques. The figures writhe together on the ground in a tangled knot, with the utmost grace, energy, and truth of action. The features have little or no expression, which hardly agrees with the great muscular exertion of the figures striving, with their greatest force, for victory. The Greek sculptors, in nearly all their works, evidently avoided expressing intense feeling of any kind through the features; their love of the beautiful, probably, causing them to think that the human face, when convulsed by passion, loses its beauty, which is found more in repose. It was certainly not for want of *ability*, as we see in the "Laocoon," "Niobe," and the "Dying Gladiator," the fullest rendering of it.

The Pitti Palace is, if possible, plainer on the outside than the other, but possesses rare works by the mightiest masters. There, among other portraits, is one of himself by that extraordinary Dutchman, Rembrandt, that is absolutely *beyond praise*, — one of the finest things in the collection, — one or two Vandykes and works by Titian that are remarkable. Rubens again, powerful and not *too* refined, but with an amazing force of color. Between the two palaces is a long, covered passage which, crossing the river Arno over the *Ponte Vecchio*, enables one to visit the two galleries without descending to the street. It is filled with a large collection of sketches, in chalk or ink, by the great masters, — principally of Italy, — intensely interesting to an artist or lover of art; a place where he may study the dawn and development of ideas by the greatest minds that ever devoted themselves to art, from dot to line, from line to form, from form to thought; from the flash of the first crude conception to the after steps cautiously and laboriously advancing to a perfect whole.

This afternoon, we walked to the Baptistery, the Cathedral, and the Campanile of Giotto, and stood in the street gazing up at them. We paused some time in front of the Gates of the

Baptistery, which are exquisite in composition and well deserving their great fame. Entering the Cathedral, we heard a monk preaching to a large crowd of people under a canopy. The vibration of his voice, heard from a distant part of the building, sounded like the hum of millions of insects, and had a most peculiar effect. . . .



FLORENCE, *April 25.*

FEW days ago, we visited the Church of San Lorenzo, which contains two of Michael Angelo's greatest works, the tombs of "Lorenzo de Medici" and "Guliano de Medici," both of which exhibit — as most of his works do — great exaggeration of form and action.

The sitting figure of "Lorenzo de Medici" is exceedingly fine ; it has a melancholy, brooding look, that is wonderfully impressive, forcibly recalling those admirable lines of Rogers —

"What beneath his helm-like bonnet scowls?
Is it a face, or but an eyeless skull?
'Tis lost in shade ; yet, like the basilisk,
It fascinates, and is intolerable."

On the opposite side of the sacristy, stands the tomb of Guliano, very similar in design, but less pleasing than the other ; the principal figure

being forced in action, with a prodigious length of neck which unites badly with the head. It is supposed that the recumbent figures on these tombs were intended to represent Day and Night on one, and, on the other, the Dawn of Life and Death. If such were the intention of the artist, he has somewhat obscurely expressed the ideas, which are highly poetic in themselves, but not so rendered by him, except, partially, in the female figures. The male reclining figures simply express repose in most constrained and uncomfortable attitudes. These groups are too large for the sarcophagi upon which they rest, and I should say that they were the after-thought of an uncongenial mind. After studying the pure, refined works of the Greeks, so true to nature, so full of dignity without effort, and of exquisite feeling for form and proportion, it is hard to entirely relish, or thoroughly appreciate the peculiar and stupendous genius of Angelo, whose figures seem mostly weighed down and oppressed by their own excessive development of muscle. The unfinished group in the same room, also by Angelo, of the "Virgin and Child," is a grand conception, and has, to me, much more of the truth and simplicity of nature than the others.

From the church, we proceeded to the house

of Michael Angelo, which stands in rather a narrow street, and bears upon its door an inscription to the effect that there lived the "divine Michael Angelo," etc., etc. We ascended a flight of stairs and entered, first, a long, narrow room, between the front windows of which is placed a marble statue of him (life size), in a sitting position; a very good figure, and full of character. On each side of this, painted on panels, are pictures illustrating the most remarkable scenes and events in the life of the artist, — none of the pictures of any great merit. The next apartment was his dining-room; beyond, a room containing many of his original drawings and sketches, made for his finished works, which had, as you may suppose, a wonderful attraction for me; showing the manner in which he thought out the pictures which have made him immortal and filled the world with his name. After examining these for some time, we passed into another room, on the right side of which was a panel, — this, on being pushed aside by the guide, disclosed his private study; a room little deeper than a closet, containing a desk with a bench in front of it, — the light admitted through a small window on the left. On the desk lay his slippers, and above it, on the wall, hung his two walking-sticks. Of course I sat on the

bench and placed, with reverence, my elbows on the desk, where the illustrious elbows of the mighty genius had so often rested. The only other article in the cabinet, was a portrait of Vittoria Colonna, to whom, history says, he was greatly attached during his long life. The next and last room contained a large number of his drawings and autograph letters. The house, which ever since his death has been occupied by his descendants, has little of its original character left, having been modernized for the comfort of its occupants.

We saw, the next day, at the Church of Santa Croce, the tombs of Michael Angelo, Dante, Galileo, Alfieri, and Machiavelli. On Good Friday, we went into the Church of the Annunziata, to hear the "Miserere." It was nearly dusk when we entered, and the priests and monks were chanting behind the altar, in front of which candles were burning. In a few moments, the voices ceased, and the organ, accompanied by a fine band of wind and stringed instruments, took up the air whilst all the lights, but one, were successively extinguished, leaving the church in comparative darkness; when again the voices were heard in a melancholy wail, gradually fading into silence. All was in keeping with the sentiment

of the music ; the grand old church about us, lost in the gloom of approaching night, the people kneeling silently around with bowed heads and clasped hands ; some telling their beads and moving their lips mechanically, others, apparently, praying with deep devotion. All this was, to me, touching and beautiful.

In contrast to this, was a most curious and ridiculous ceremony, which I yesterday witnessed, at the Duomo. It has taken place for the last four hundred years, and has never failed to interest the people. There stood in front of the church an immense, black, wooden tower about twenty-five feet high, festooned with fire-works. On the top were four dolphins, heads down and tails up, supporting a huge Catherine wheel, — about the size of that of a cart, — placed horizontally. This tower stood on wheels and was drawn by oxen. From the centre of it, came a rope about as thick as your finger, which was stretched tight by being attached to the altar at the back of the church. The crowd was immense, outside as well as in. While we stood, fully expecting to see a lively monk or priest dance a measure on the tight-rope, the chanting ceased, a frightful fizzing and spitting commenced, and a small, white lump of something, about as large as a

man's fist, came spinning down the rope from the altar, cracking and spitting until it reached the tower outside, where an awful roar and general bursting of everything immediately took place. The Catherine wheel began to whirl, throwing out countless stars, the crackers popped and banged, the rockets shot into the air, rockets shot down to the earth, great guns and small blazed away from all parts of the tower, and, in a moment after, the *something* came whizzing back again to the altar, having done its work. I was told that the small *something* represented the Dove or Holy Ghost! and the fireworks, the *bursting of the grain* in the coming harvest, aided by the Virgin, who was supposed to be *in the tower*, and to whom the peasants pray for an abundant harvest! If the crackers and rockets should fail to pop and fiz, it would be looked upon as an unfavorable sign, and bad crops would surely follow! Early in the morning of the day upon which this performance is to take place, a procession goes to a certain church, where a piece of the Holy Sepulchre is kept, from which to obtain a spark to light the Dove; being *limestone*, a match is adroitly used, which more easily gives the required light, but, of course, the *people* are not informed of the *human* means employed.

The best of it was, that not a smile was to be seen on any face during this very extraordinary exhibition; all were as solemn and grave as possible,—evidently regarding it as a most important affair,—and, upon its satisfactory conclusion, quietly dispersed to their business, for it was precisely 12 A. M. when the Dove started from the altar. As the sun was shining brightly at the time, there was no effect whatever from the fireworks, except to make the whole affair more absurd.



VENICE, May 6.



FROM Florence
by a railroad
which crosses
the Appen-
nines, and is
a marvelous

piece of engineering, — dining at Bologna, but *not* on sausages, — and passing through Padua regretfully, so enticing it looked, with its ancient towers rising against the evening sky, — we came to Venice, which we reached soon after dark.

As we approached the “City of the Sea,” the effect of its thousand lights, that seemed hovering in mid-air, their bright reflections dropping like streams of fire into the water, was strange and dream-like. I was glad to leave the railway, enter a gondola, — which is so perfectly in keeping with the romance of the place, — and float rapidly away from the noise and confusion of the prosaic station. With the gondoliers standing, one at the stern and the other at the bow, pushing their long oars before them, we moved silently along

from light into darkness, under bridges, past ancient palaces, which rose on either hand, — the melancholy wrecks of former splendor, — seeing now, a solitary figure glide slowly across a bridge, then lost in the black shadows of the narrow street beyond; the perfect silence only broken by the warning cries of the gondoliers as a long, hearse-like object suddenly shot across our path, — the gondola of some night-wanderer like ourselves. And thus, on and on, until our attention was arrested by a burst of light from an open door-way which, our gondolier told us, was the entrance to — the Victoria Hotel!

Daylight, alas! soon dispelled the fanciful visions of the night before, on finding ourselves in a house surrounded by modern comforts and enjoying a breakfast of coffee, toast, eggs, and a fish that might easily have been hooked out of the canal from our window, — but which, I fervently trust, was not. After having done justice to this sumptuous feast, we sallied forth in search of the interesting and picturesque.

We found the Piazza of St. Mark so familiar to us, through the medium of engravings and photographs, as to feel by no means a stranger to it. There was the grand Cathedral, with its brilliantly colored façade and once gilded domes; there, the

Ducal Palace with its famous red columns, between which, it is said, political prisoners were put to death in the fourteenth century. There, also, the Clock Tower with the two bronze giants who strike each hour upon a huge bell; and the Campanile, which stands alone and has no architectural beauty, but from the top of which we afterwards had a fine view of the city.

We entered the Cathedral, spent some time in examining its beauties, and were greatly interested in its peculiar construction. The pavement, which in many places has sunk, is now so very uneven as to make it somewhat difficult to walk on it without stumbling. Leaving the Cathedral, we proceeded to the *Molo* to seek a gondola from those usually stationed near the two granite columns, one of which supports the Winged Lion of St. Mark, and the other St. Theodore standing on a crocodile. The gondoliers came upon us like ravenous wolves, clamoring for a "fare;" we were, however, finally taken possession of by an ancient mariner of unexceptionable manners, who gallantly handed the ladies into the gondola, and, after I had placed myself beside them, pushed out from the shore and we soon found ourselves skimming along the grand canal. As we passed them, the gondolier told us the names of many



of the once splendid palaces, which are now deserted by their owners, and, some of them, converted into storehouses and offices; their once frescoed and gilded fronts blotched and stained by time and damp.

When the sun shines, as it did on this occasion, enough color yet remains to lend a certain indescribable charm to "the poor remains of beauty *still* admired." But alack! alack! on a rainy day, — a dismal, drizzling, rainy day, — nothing could be more utterly wretched and forlorn. Our bark swept rapidly on beneath the broad arch of the Rialto bridge, your romantic idea of which will be speedily put to flight, when I tell you that it is conspicuous for the *green blinds* which protect its shops from the sun! Out into the Lagoon, and returning to the city, we passed through the Ghetto, or Jews' Quarter, and so we floated about until we finally landed at the Academy of Fine Arts. Here, among the finest works of the Venetian School, is Titian's greatest picture, the "Assumption," a glorious composition, and magnificent in color. After the "Venus," in Florence, and the "Assumption," I understand why Titian is called a *great* painter. In the same room, is Tintoretto's "Slave delivered by St. Mark," considered *his* best work,

— a picture of great force, but not equal to Titian's, in elevation of sentiment or splendor of color. There are, also, here, many pictures by Paul Veronese, which we had no time to examine, but left for another day.

With Columbus in advance like a true navigator, we wander through the narrow streets of this remarkable city, — streets so narrow that we are obliged to walk in single file, — and submit blindly to his guidance, which, however, is sometimes at fault, as we occasionally find ourselves literally at the “jumping-off place,” — a canal at our feet, — or in small courts, having no outlet but the alley by which we had entered. Wandering in this way, one day, we came to the Rialto, where, in place of the princely “merchants,” a crowd of venders of fruits and small wares now fills the square. We crossed the bridge and bought some trifling souvenirs of Venice from the shops which line it on either side.

We have visited the Ducal Palace, which is truly magnificent, — its enormous rooms lined with pictures by the best masters of the Venetian School. One of these, by Tintoretto, said to be the largest in the world, covers the whole of one end of the Grand Council Chamber; the subject is Paradise, but it is so much injured by time,

that it was utterly impossible to form any idea of its merit as a work of art. Ascending a staircase, we came to the apartment in which met the famous Council of Ten, also the Senate Chamber, Chapel, etc. The ceilings, as well as the walls, of all these noble rooms, are covered with elaborate compositions, many of them by Tintoretto and Veronese, — some of the latter very fine. The “Bocca de Leone,” which is in the ante-chamber of the Hall of the Council of Ten, is no longer a *lion’s mouth*, being reduced to nothing more than a very commonplace, post-office-like opening, with however, the iron box, which once received the anonymous denunciations, still in its original position. Last of all, we descended to the dungeons. We entered the cell in which Marino Faliero was confined for one night before his execution : a small, stone room, about twelve feet by eight, having a stone block in one corner for a bed.

The Bridge of Sighs has two windows on each side, and two passages, now closed, formerly communicating with the prison on the opposite side of the canal. In a narrow entry, before crossing the bridge, are the remains of a beam, where the prisoners were secretly garoted and their bodies slipped through a small door on

the left, into a boat, which lay ready to receive them in the canal below.

Wishing to view the renowned Bridge from without, this morning we took a gondola and soon were moving in that direction. Beneath it, opening from the dungeons of the Ducal Palace, we saw a massive, rusty door, over which, of course, we shuddered, and imagined the sufferings of the unfortunate wretches who might have been dragged, dead or alive, through it. The canal is gloomy enough to have been the scene of many a foul deed, and one has no wish to linger on it long; so, with a word to our gondolier, we glided swiftly toward the Grand Canal, now gay with *barchettas* darting about in every direction,—their brightly colored canopies fluttering in the light breeze,—mingled with funereal-looking gondolas, whose steel prows glittered in the sunlight as they passed and repassed. We visited several churches, and saw pictures by Titian, and acres more by Tintoretto, and others of less note. I say *saw*, but, in most cases, we only *looked* at them, for the churches are so dark, the pictures so badly hung, and often half concealed by the altars and their decorations placed in front of them, it is a difficult matter to see them at all. Titian's altar piece, in the church of the *Frari*,

called the *Pala dei Pesaro*, is one of his finest efforts; the composition simple and grand — the figures finely disposed and possessing great dignity; that of St. Peter, majestic. In the same church is a very large and elaborate monument to Titian, and another to Canova; the latter a very singular design representing several veiled and weeping figures entering a pyramid. The *Peter Martyr* of Titian, in the Church of *Santi Giovanni e Paolo*, possesses, perhaps, the highest reputation of any of his works. I cannot say that it moved me as did the altar piece. The figures seem too small for the canvass on which they are painted, and too much importance is given to the background which rises high above their heads; neither did the color appear to me as equal to that of some of his other pictures.

This city is singularly fascinating, but the eye feels a want — a want of the rich and gorgeous costumes which Titian and Giorgione delighted to paint, and which are associated more with Venice than any other of the Italian cities.

The Venetians of to-day seem out of time and place, as if the inhabitants of one of our own towns had suddenly taken possession, so little does their plain and sombre attire harmonize with the splendor of the architecture, time-worn

and faded though it be; and the mind is oppressed with sadness at witnessing the fallen grandeur of the "Queen of the Sea."



The enclosed sketch is of a Venetian water carrier, and will show you how the water from the wells is distributed about the city.

PARIS, *June 17.*

BACK again for the third time, in Paris, and in delightful apartments upon the Avenue des Champs Elysées. After leaving Venice we found little to interest us in Milan, except its magnificent Cathedral, Da Vinci's "Last Supper," and some other fine pictures. The Cathedral is wonderfully rich and delicate in design, its light and airy ornamentation looking like frozen lace. I can compare it to nothing else. After walking through the interior with its splendid columns, and ancient, stained glass windows, we ascended to the roof, which is like a perfect forest of marble pinnacles and statues. From it, we beheld several of the Alpine peaks, which looked like floating rose-colored clouds at sunset. The heat was so great we were glad to descend and return to our hotel.

The next day we took the cars for Paris, intending to cross Mount Cenis in a private carriage, which we were to take at Susa, a small village at the foot of the mountain. We reached it about midnight, and were guided to the inn, —

a melancholy looking hole, — by an Italian agent of the diligence line which runs from that point.



We found the house shut up and apparently deserted; but after ringing at the door, it was opened by a feeble and most unhappy looking French waiter, of slight frame and generally woeful aspect, wearing little else than his drawers and boots, and holding in

his hand a flickering dip. We inquired if rooms could be had, and after his "Oui, Monsieur," we

followed him upstairs through many a dark and uncertain passage, poor D—— expecting a brig-and at every turn. At length we reached the much-desired rooms, which we found destitute of carpet, with rickety chairs, and a table for a wash-stand. Here again we paused, with the sad waiter and his solitary candle, his eyes half open, and his hair looking very much like a bad hedge. After discussing the breakfast hour, and what dainty morsels could be had for that interesting meal, we patiently retired to our *dens*; D—— piling a chest of drawers and all the chairs against her door, in order to keep out the “brigands.” In the morning, much to our surprise, we found ourselves alive, and our money and watches still in our possession. We immediately attacked a breakfast of wretched ham and worse eggs, which we found it impossible to eat, so left them to be gobbled up by a small boy, whom I caught, some minutes after, bolting down the eggs, apparently shells and all! Our trip over the mountain, for the first four hours, was decidedly uncomfortable from the excessive heat, but improved as the sun lost his power. The snow in some places was quite deep,—about four feet on a level; the scenery was very lovely and often grand.

We passed the night at St. Michel, in one of the dreariest of inns, mounting to our dormitories by a flight of dark, stone stairs that suggested a thief in every corner; and resumed our journey at half-past four o'clock the next morn-



ing. As we gradually left the mountains behind us, and approached the more level country, we were perfectly charmed with the exquisite beauty of the scenery, the morning mists floating lazily along the valleys and catching the light of the rising sun. Even at that early hour, groups of peasants carrying their implements were cheerfully trudging

to their daily labor, in their rude and primitive costumes, several of whom I immediately introduced to the pages of my sketch-book.

Our next stopping-place was Dijon, — an ancient town originally settled by the Romans, —

the remains of one of their walls still to be seen. This place has much that is interesting; many of the public buildings dating back five and six hundred years. One church of the twelfth century had, upon its tower, two huge, bronze figures, which, with hammers, struck the hours upon a great bell, much after the manner of those on the Clock Tower in Venice. We left the good old town about eleven A. M., and after six hours of hard travelling, reached Paris, which we entered in the midst of a heavy storm.

I have paid two visits to the Great Exposition, and have come home with shattered vertebræ and burning eyes. It is an endless collection of everything produced by the civilized world of the present day, and your mind staggers at the mere attempt to take it in. It is arranged in a series of circles, or ovals, the centre being a garden with fountains playing and adorned with statuary.

The inner oval is entirely devoted to paintings, among which, I was sorry to find the American collection occupying so small a space; it was, however, very creditable to our artists. The French, Florentine, and Belgian galleries contain some admirable pictures; with the English I was rather disappointed, most of the pictures being dry and chalky in color. With the exception of

the works of art, I was more interested in the grounds than anything else. The customs, dress, and occupations of the various nations represented ; people of different Eastern countries working at their trades ; Arabs riding upon camels ; Egyptian Temples, Turkish mosques, Arab tents, Swiss dairies, Russian stables ; each country represented in some way, and ours by a wretched country school-house of the simplest and plainest construction, — a square of white paint adorned with green blinds ! The American restaurant is in great favor, particularly with the French and Italians, on account of the *mixed drinks* for which we are distinguished ; cream-soda-water being most in demand, — a delicious invention, fit for the gods ! It was very amusing to observe the Frenchmen sitting in a row, — some reversed upon their chairs, their glasses to their eyes, — deeply interested in the movements of the man engaged in the process of making “sherry-cobblers,” tossing the delicious fluid from one vessel into another, and finishing the composition by placing them mouth to mouth, with a quick upward jerk.

We have been sitting at the window to-day, watching the people go to the Grand Review in the Bois de Bologne, which took place in

honor of the Emperor of Russia, who is now here. The avenue has been perfectly jammed with carriages and people for six or eight hours. The crowd was tremendous. Think of a line of carriages, seven abreast, for three miles! The nobility appeared in their splendid equipages, with from four to six horses ridden by postilions in brilliant liveries of gayly-colored velvet and satin. The toilets of the ladies were of the most elegant description. Prominent among the distinguished personages, were Louis Napoleon and his Empress, the Emperor of Russia, the Crown-Prince of Prussia, and others. The sidewalks were crowded with a moving mass of pleasure-seekers, thousands of them sitting smoking and drinking coffee, or chatting in groups in front of the cafés, which, you know, is a French custom. Whenever the carriage of some celebrity was seen approaching, they would jump from their seats and rush to the curbstone to get as near as possible to the illustrious stranger. I never saw so grand a mass of people or so magnificent a display. If Paris is not the most interesting city of Europe, it is certainly the most brilliant.

LONDON, *June 22.*

WE left Paris on Tuesday night, and stopped one night on our way here, at the charming old city of Rouen, with whose specimens of rich and rare architecture, we were delighted. The Cathedral, the Hall of Justice, the ancient Market Place, and the Ducal Palace, are glorious old "bits," most elaborate in ornamentation, filling our brains with pleasant fancies of the past. The Fountain of La Pucelle was exceedingly interesting to us, on account of the historical recollections associated with it; one of our party very prettily observed, that it seemed to be ever shedding tears for the sad fate of the Fair Maid of Orleans. We left Rouen, with regret, for Dieppe, where we took the steamer and crossed the channel to Newhaven, a passage of six hours. Poor J——, as usual, with many others on board, soon became limp and pale. In the midst of an interesting conversation with me, Dr. R—— suddenly disappeared, and when next I discovered him, he was lying in a flattened condition on the deck, his *very* sympathetic wife lying close beside him.

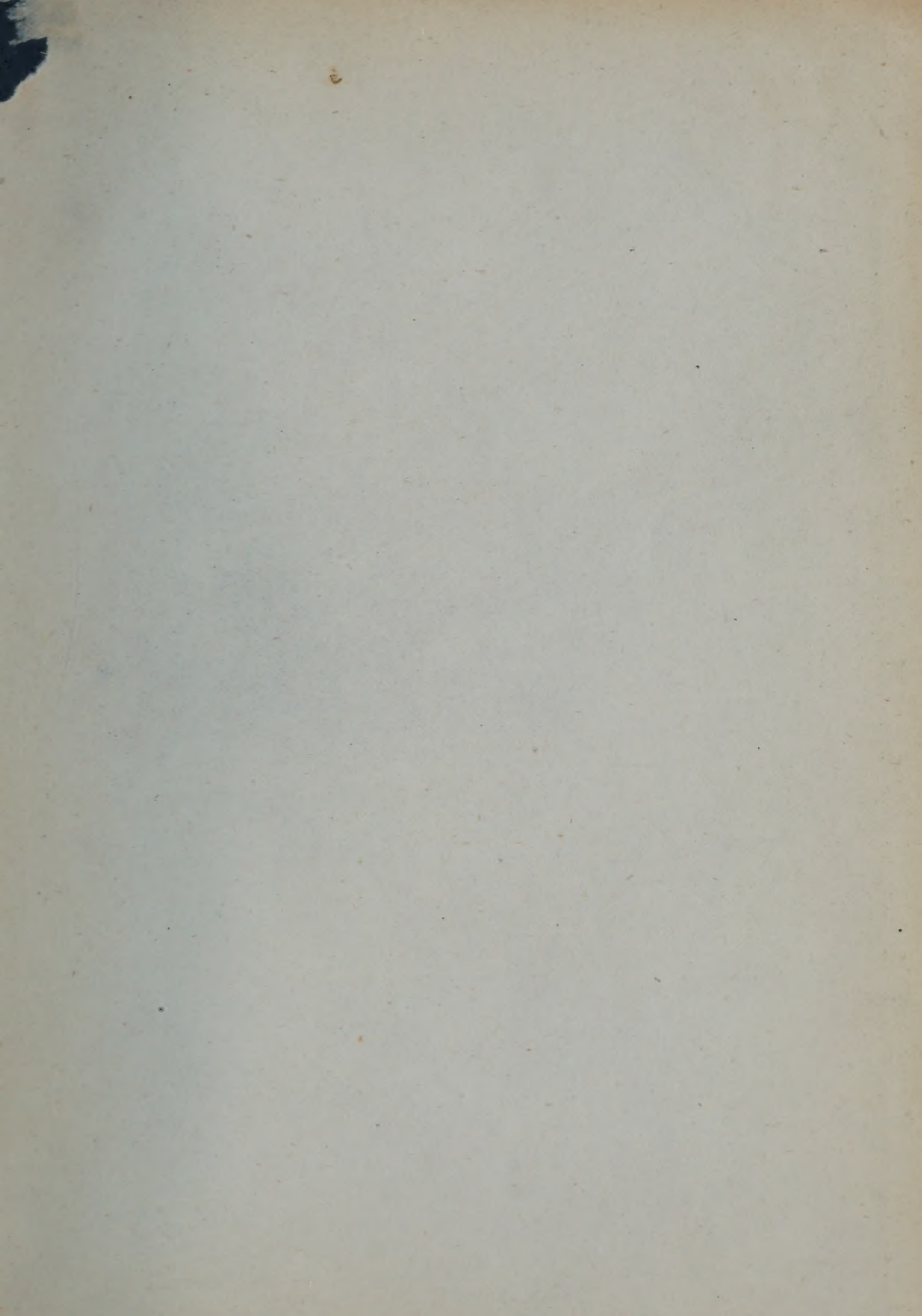
The face of one old gentleman who "never was sick," now wore a flickering smile that rapidly changed "from grave to gay, from lively to severe," strongly suggesting an approaching squall. Feeble wives collapsed into the arms of affectionate husbands, while unprotected females gathered themselves up in shawls and huddled together under umbrellas to protect themselves from the dashing spray. A weak steward, with pink rims to his eyes, ran about the deck serving out basins (as waiters would plates at a dinner-party), or brandy and soda to those who were "not quite right." That benevolent mariner soothed the failing and despondent, and raised the flat and floppy into a sitting posture. In the cabin things were no better. Wherever the eye rested it was sure to fall upon some pitiable case of suffering humanity. Here an utterly prostrated individual lay outstretched upon the very dining-table, there another sat swaying his body to and fro, clasping his aching head between his hands and fairly groaning aloud: every available piece of furniture had been taken possession of by the unhappy victims of this most distressing malady, while a second edition of the benevolent mariner on deck, adroitly managing his "sea-legs," went from one to the other bearing remedial agents.

Among the passengers were two very unfeeling Americans, who actually laughed at their suffering companions, and would not get sick to oblige anybody, but who were, nevertheless, very glad to reach London, which they found chilly, misty, and damp. . . .

And now, our most interesting sojourn in foreign lands is rapidly drawing to a close; and, thoroughly as I have enjoyed it, I shall look forward, with intense pleasure to the first sight of my native land.







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